

RADICAL SHEIKH
 WHO MAKES THE RULES? WHO MAKES THE RULES?
 GRAPHICS

#3

ORAL ELECTRIC FLAP!

ADAPTOID

IT'S A BURN FOR!!



I NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY PINOCCHIO WANTED TO BE A REAL BOY. WHY IN HELL DO YOU WANT TO BECOME A MAN WHEN YOU'RE BETTER TO BEGIN WITH? IT'S LIKE A HUMAN BEING WANTING TO BE AN APE! 'GEE, I WISH I HAD MORE HAIR, THAT I STOOPED MORE, SMELLED WORSE, AND HAD A SHORTER LIFE SPAN'

HANS MORAVEC

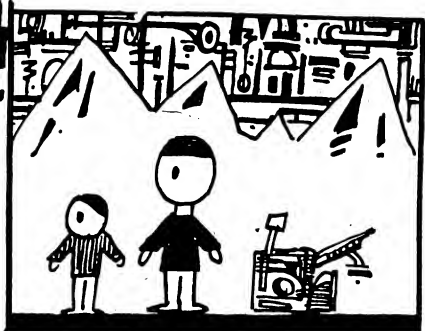
67 ASHWORTH 95 DONE WITHOUT COMPUTER!!!

FEATURING ADAPTIONS BY ASHWORTH! + HANS MORAVEC'S
 BIOMECHANOMAN MADNESS + PHILIP K. DICK'S EXEGESIS + JACKSON
 POLLOCK EXCESS + AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL SLIPS UP + AN EARLY DIA-
 NETICS PROP GANDIST + 'SCI' 'FRYING' IN HOLLYWOOD + BEHAVIORIST
 SCARES BABIES + JOE COLEMAN EXPLODING + FOUCAULT EXECUTING +
 and A SURLY SOCIAL CRITIC!! **BIG 52 PGS!!**

WHAT A SEC-SURLY SO-
 CIAL - ...Nah, CAN'T BE-

'TO BE BORN HUMAN IS AN AFFLICTION. IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG' - BOB ETINGER, AUTHOR OF 'THE IMMORTALIST.'

HANS MORAVEC and the POST BIOLOGICAL MAN.



HANS MORAVEC WAS BORN IN AUSTRIA IN 1948. FROM THE TIME HE WAS A KID HE AMUSED HIMSELF BY MAKING TOY MACHINES. HANS' FATHER, AN ELECTRONIC ENGINEER HELPED HIM BUILD DIFFERENT GADGETS. AND THEN THEY BUILT A DANCING MAN.

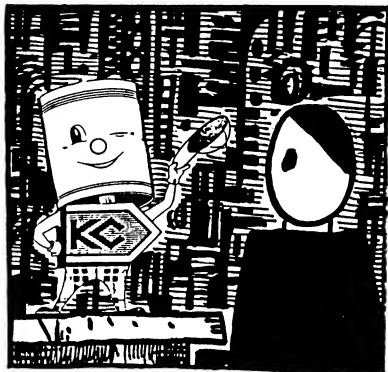
IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A BUNCH OF BLOCKS HELD TOGETHER BY WOODEN PEGS, PLUS WOODEN SLATS FOR ARMS AND LEGS. RESTING ON A BOX WITH A CRANK BY IT'S SIDE, IT BOBBED AND DANCED WHEN YOU TURNED THE CRANK. IT WAS PRIMITIVE BUT IT MOVED.

'THAT'S NOT A MAN' THOUGHT HANS. IT'S JUST SOME BLOCKS. BUT IT ACTS LIKE A MAN!



THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF HANS' OBSESSION WITH ROBOTS. LATER, IN CANADA, WHEN HE WAS IN FIFTH GRADE, HE READ AN ARTICLE ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD BUILT A ROBOT. IN PICTURES YOU COULD SEE IT WAS SHAPED LIKE A PERSON, BUT ITS INSIDES WERE MADE OF ELECTRICAL WIRES AND SWITCHES AND IT HAD THIS LITTLE LIGHT GLOBE IN ITS CHEST BLINKING ON AND OFF-ITS HEART.

WELL! THIS WAS QUITE AN ADVANCE OVER THE DANCING MAN, SO HE HAD TO BUILD HIS OWN. USING ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT AND MOTORS OUT OF TOYS, HE MADE HIS FIRST ROBOT. THE BODY WAS A TOMATO JUICE CAN, AND HANS PUT IN A TOY MOTOR THAT RAN OFF AN INTERNAL BATTERY. THE ARMS WORKED BACK AND FORTH ON THEIR OWN POWER. THE 'LIVE WIRE' TIN MAN WORKED.





AT SOME POINT IN HIS GROWING UP HANS GOT INTO HIS HEAD THAT HE JUST MIGHT BE A ROBOT. HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT IN ANY REAL SENSE, IT WAS JUST A FUN THING TO IMAGINE NOW AND THEN- AND BESIDES, IT WAS JUST BARELY POSSIBLE.

AT LEAST IT WASN'T IMPOSSIBLE.

'WELL, WHAT IF I'M A ROBOT? HA HA HA!'



LATER ON, MORAVEC WOULD READ ABOUT TRULY ADVANCED ROBOTS IN SCIENCE FICTION. ONE OF HIS FAVORITE NOVELS WAS 'THE WORLD OF MULLA' BY A.E. VAN VOGT. 'THERE WERE THESE PEOPLE PATHETICALLY TRYING TO THINK STRAIGHT AND THE MACHINE WAS DOING IT IN SPACES AND A THOUSAND TIMES FASTER!'

THAT WAS FICTION, OF COURSE, BUT HANS WAS CONVINCED THAT THE SAME WAS TRUE IN REAL LIFE, THAT MACHINES WERE GENERALLY SUPERIOR TO PEOPLE.



IN HIGH SCHOOL MORAVEC GOT THE IDEA FOR WHAT HE CALLED 'DOWNLOADING'. TRANSFERRING THE CONTENTS OF A HUMAN MIND INTO A COMPUTER. HE AND A FRIEND, KEN SIMONELES GOT TO AGREEING.



WOULD INTELLIGENT ROBOTS ACTUALLY BE PEOPLE OR WOULD ONLY BE LIKE PEOPLE? MORAVEC BY THIS TIME SIN CERELY WANTED TO BE A ROBOT, AND THOUGHT THEY'D BE HUMAN- A VIEW HE FOUND DEMEANING (TO THE ROBOTS.) SIMONELES SAID THAT NO MATTER HOW CLOSE THEY CAME TO BEING LIKE PEOPLE, THEY WOULD BE ONLY ROBOTS.

HANS LATER REASONED THAT IF YOU TOOK A HUMAN BEING AND STARTED REPLACING HIS NATURAL PARTS WITH FULLY FUNCTIONING ARTIFICIAL PARTS, NERON BY NERON, YOU'D HAVE SOMETHING THAT WORKED THE SAME - WAS A MAN WITH A WOODEN LIMB ANY LESS HUMAN BECAUSE OF IT??



~AND WHAT IF YOU BEGAN TO BUILD AN ARTIFICIAL HUMAN BEING FROM OUT OF A PARTS BIN- AND WHAT IF YOU GAVE IT THE MIND OF AN ORDINARY PERSON? <THIS THING COULD NOW CARRY ON THE LIFE OF THE PERSON WHOSE MIND YOU TRANSFERRED TO IT- IF YOU DON'T WANT TO CALL IT HUMAN, IT'S PERVERSITY ON YOUR PART.

...1977 MORAVEC ARRIVED AT "SAIL" - THE STANFORD ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE LABORATORY. THE DOWNLOADING STUFF WAS NOT UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED EVEN BY ALL THE PEOPLE AT SAIL - BUT NONE OF MORAVEC'S COLLEAGUES THOUGHT THAT THE MIND TRANSFER BUSINESS WAS UNBEARABLY FLAKY.



BY THE TIME HE HAD RISEN THROUGH THE RANKS TO BECOME DIRECTOR OF THE MOBILE ROBOT LAB AT CARNEGIE-MELLON UNIVERSITY IN PITTSBURGH, HE HAD DEVELOPED THE SCENARIO TO THE POINT WHERE HE COULD PRINT A WHOLE BOOK ON IT AND NOT HAVE PEOPLE DROP DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK. IN FACT, HE DID WRITE A BOOK ON IT - "THE MIND CHILDREN" (1988)



IT EXPLAINED IN DETAIL HOW PEOPLE COULD BECOME ROBOTS, HOW THEY COULD DOWNLOAD INTO COMPUTERS, AND HOW ALL THIS COULD BE DONE WITHIN THE NEXT 50 YEARS. MOST IMPORTANTLY, MORAVEC HAD SOLVED THE READING OUT PROBLEM, COMING UP WITH NOT ONE BUT FOUR DIFFERENT METHODS OF GETTING THE MIND OUT OF THE BRAIN AND INTO A COMPUTER. HE CALLED IT, TONGUE IN CHEEK, TRANSMIGRATION.

NATURALLY, THE WHOLE TASK WOULD BE PERFORMED BY ROBOTS.

YOU'VE JUST BEEN WHEELED INTO THE OPERATING ROOM - A ROBOT BRAIN SURGEON IS IN ATTENDANCE. BY YOUR SIDE IS A COMPUTER WAITING TO BECOME A HUMAN EQUIVALENT -



-LACKING ONLY A PROGRAM TO RUN.

THE SURGEON HAS ALL MANNER OF ADVANCED MACHINERY AT HIS DISPOSAL. THE PROCEDURE BEGINS WITH YOU FUSY CONSCIOUS, WITH ONLY YOUR SKULL ANESTHETIZED. YOUR CRANIUM IS OPENED, AND THE SURGEON STARTS TAKING DATA FROM THE FIRST LAYER OF BRAIN CELLS. HE ENTERS A PROGRAM THAT SIMULATES THE FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN CELLS INTO A COMPUTER NEARBY - THE ONE THAT'S ABOUT TO BECOME YOU. MAYBE THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME SOMETHING BETTER.

ON YOU WOULD GO, LAYER BY LAYER, THE SURGEON CHECKING AND CORRECTING THE FIDELITY OF YOUR DOWNLOADED CONSCIOUS, STRIP. STRIP. STRIP.

THIS WOULD GO ON UNTIL ALL YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS WAS NOW INSIDE THE COMPUTER.

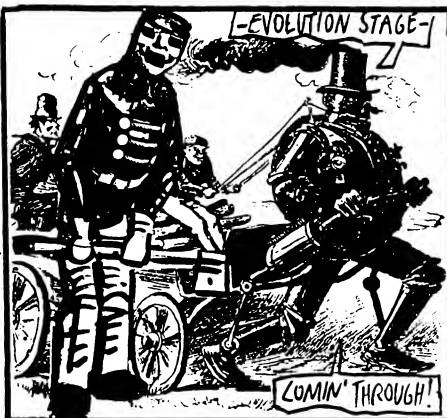
YOUR BRAINPAN WOULD BE AS EMPTY AS AN ASHTRAY, BUT YOU WOULD NOW BE INSIDE THE COMPUTER.

IN A FINAL, DISORIENTING STEP YOUR SUDDENLY ABANDONED BODY SPASMS AND DIES. FOR A MOMENT YOU EXPERIENCE QUIET AND DARK. THEN, ONCE AGAIN, YOU OPEN YOUR EYES. YOUR PERSPECTIVE HAS SHIFTED. THE COMPUTER SIMULATION HAS BEEN... RECONNECTED TO A SHINY NEW BODY OF STYLE, COLOUR AND MATERIAL OF YOUR CHOICE. YOUR METAMORPHOSIS IS COMPLETE!



REVIEWERS AND SCIENTISTS READ THIS ~ BECOMING A COMPUTER PROGRAM! ~ AND FREAKED.

MARTIN GARDNER (FORMER COLUMNIST FOR SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN) COMPARED THE DOWNLOADING SCENARIO TO WHAT HE CALLED 'THE TIN WOODSMAN CONJECTURE' AFTER THE CHARACTER IN 'THE WIZARD OF OZ'. PARTS OF THE WOODSMAN'S BODY WERE CHOPPED OFF AND REPLACED WITH METAL EQUIVALENTS.



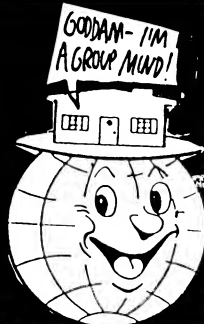
THERE ARE SIMILAR STORIES IN S.F., BUT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM AND MORAVEC SAID GARDNER WAS THAT THE FICTION WRITERS 'DID NOT TAKE THEIR SCENARIOS SERIOUSLY'. - THANK GOD.

MORAVEC DID NOT SEE THIS AS MUCH OF A CRITICISM - HE, FOR ONE, THOUGHT THE STORIES QUITE REALISTIC. WHAT WAS INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO HIM WAS A MACHINE DESIRING TO BE A PERSON.



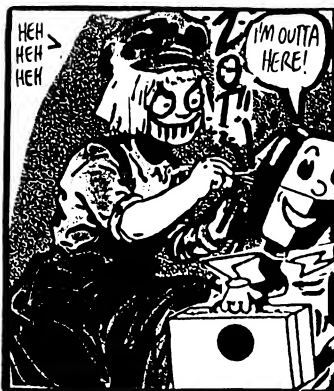
"THERE WAS AN EPISODE OF OUTER LIMITS IN WHICH ROBERT CULP DISCOVERED HE WAS A ROBOT. HE HADN'T KNOWN THIS BEFORE, HE'D ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A PERSON, BUT WHEN HE FINDS OUT THE TRUTH -- HE'S HORRIFIED - BUT MY FEELING WAS, 'WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT?'"

"I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL. I NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY PINOCCHIO WANTED TO BE A REAL BOY. WHY IN HELL DO YOU WANT TO BECOME A MAN WHEN YOU'RE SOMETHING BETTER TO BEGIN WITH? IT'S LIKE A HUMAN BEING WANTING TO BECOME AN APE! 'GEE, I REALLY WISH I HAD MORE HAIR, THAT I STOOPED MORE, SMELLED WORSE, HAD A SHORTER LIFE SPAN.'"



NOT THAT MORAVEC LOOKED DOWN AT ANIMALS - HE WANTED TO DOWNLOAD THEM TOO - 'A BIRD HAS... SKILLS NOT (AVAILABLE TO) THE HUMAN RACE -- YOU MIGHT LIKE TO BORROW THESE SKILLS AS MUCH AS ANY PERSON'S CARPENTRY SKILLS.' 'YES - YOU TOO COULD SWAP CONSCIOUSNESS!! PEOPLE'S EXPERIENCES AND MEMORIES COULD EVOLVE INTO A WORLD WIDE GESTALT. 'OUR SPECULATION ENDS IN A SUPER CIVILISATION -- SPREADING OUTWARD, CONVERTING NONLIFE INTO MIND.'

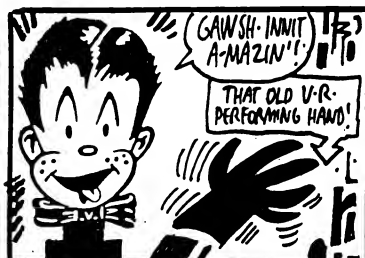
MORAVEC WAS DELIGHTED BY THE REACTION OF WHAT HE TERMED 'HUMAN CHAUVINISTS' WHO REGARDED HIS 'POSTBIOLOGICAL SCENARIO' WITH HORROR. HE PASTED THEM ON HIS WALL.



IT SEEMED TOO ~ MAD SCIENTIST. AFTER ALL, HOW DO YOU GET ALL THE MINDS INFORMATION INTO A COMPUTER?? WELL, YOU COULD CARRY AROUND A LITTLE COMPUTER LIKE A WALKMAN THAT WOULD MONITOR YOUR EVERY MOVE, THOUGHT OR WORD AND PUT IT INTO A PROGRAM-OR A HIGH RESOLUTION BRAIN SCAN.

SO THERE YOU ARE, IN YOUR COMPUTER. BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE ~ HUMAN THINGS? THE THEORY WAS THAT YOU'D STILL HAVE THE EXPERIENCES OF YOUR BODY, ONLY NOW YOU'D BE EXPERIENCING A SIMULATION OF REALITY. AFTER ALL, DON'T WE EXPERIENCE REALITY INDIRECTLY??

INTER-MEDIATE AGENTS OF LIGHT RAYS, THE RETINA'S PHOTORECEPTORS, THE ELECTRICAL IMPULSES TRAVELING UP THE OPTIC NERVE TO THE BRAIN, AND SO ON ~ IN THE END, THESE IMPULSES ARE TRANSFORMED INTO YOUR VISUAL PICTURE! EXPERIENTIALLY, THERE WOULD BE NO DIFFERENCE.



IT WOULD BE SOMEWHAT LIKE TELEPRESENCE, OR VIRTUAL REALITY- JUST PROJECT THAT CONSCIOUSNESS INTO THE MECHANICALS!!

-BUT WHY DO IT??

WHY GO THROUGH ALL THIS RIGAMOROLE OF KILLING OFF THE OLD BODY AND GETTING HITCHED UP TO NEW ORGANS JUST TO PERCEIVE THE SAME REALITY?

(EVOLUTIONS OF COSMIC GRANDIOUR ASIDE-)

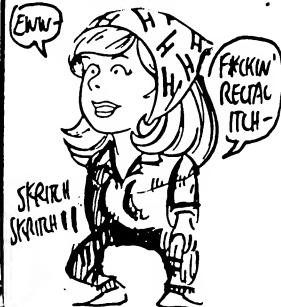
Hmm: STILL FEELS LIKE PAPER.

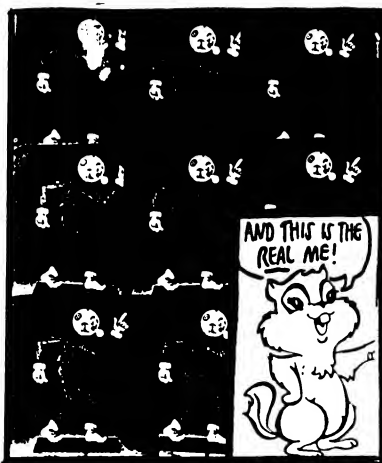


MAINLY BECAUSE OF THE TRAVEL POSSIBILITIES. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE BEEN REDUCED AND STORED AS PATTERNS OF INFORMATION. YOU'RE A PIECE OF SOFTWARE- YOU COULD BE TELEPHONED FROM LOS ANGELES TO SYDNEY, YOU COULD BE FAXED TO A DISTANT PLANET OR GALAXY!! PERHAPS YOU COULD STAY IN ONE SPOT ~ AND INCORPORATE YOUR EXPERIENCES AT THE OTHER END LATER!! 'MAZING!



ANOTHER- BUT ~ WHAT IF YOUR LINE GETS ~ SCREWED UP- AND YOU END UP AT THE OTHER END OF A COMMUNICATION LINK AS A ~ HALF WITTED BUMBO??





THIS LINE OF REASONING FALLS RIGHT INTO HANDS. BACKUP COPIES. AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'D GONE THROUGH, IT'D BE STUPID TO HAVE JUST ONE ELECTRONIC VERSION OF YOURSELF. ANYONE WHO'S TOUCHED A WRONG BUTTON ON A COMPUTER KNOWS: PFFFFT. GONE. ELECTRON HEAVEN. WITH A SPARE ABOUT, YOU COULD DOWN-LOAD FROM UNPLEASANT MIS-HAPS. YOU'D HAVE TO UPDATE, OF COURSE - STILL 2.



LACK OF BACKUPS - THAT WAS ANOTHER UNWANTED FEATURE OF 'THE HUMAN CONDITION.' NATURE'S GROSS OVERSIGHTS SOON WOULD BE LEFT BEHIND.

FOR INSTANCE ~ MESSY TOILET BIZNESS. SEXUALITY (OF COURSE!) WOULD PERSIST. THE TRANS HUMAN EXPERIENCE WOULD INCREASE VARIETY, INTENSITY, AND JUST ABOUT ANYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE. AND THAT USELESS HUMAN BODY ~ WHAT'S THIS FULSOME RHETORIC ABOUT 'THE SUPERBLY ADAPTED HUMAN BODY. CAN IT FLY? CAN IT LIVE IN THE OCEANS? NO! IT'S A MAJOR SCANDAL THAT IT WAS SUITED FOR ONLY A SMALL PORTION OF THE VERY PLANET IT EVOLVED ON!!



THE HUMAN BODY WAS FAR LESS THAN IT COULD BE. MORAVEC WANTED PEOPLE TO BE SUPERMEN.

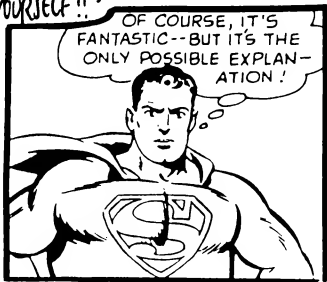
IN FACT, MORAVEC WANTED TO BE SUPERMAN EVER SINCE HE FIRST READ HIM ABOUT HIM.

'IN THE FIFTH GRADE WE HAD TO WRITE AN ESSAY ON WHAT WE WANTED TO BECOME, AND I WROTE 'A REPORTER'. ... I REALLY WANTED TO BE SUPERMAN, BUT I COULDN'T PUT THAT DOWN... SO I SAID I WANTED TO BE WHAT CLARK KENT WAS, A REPORTER.'



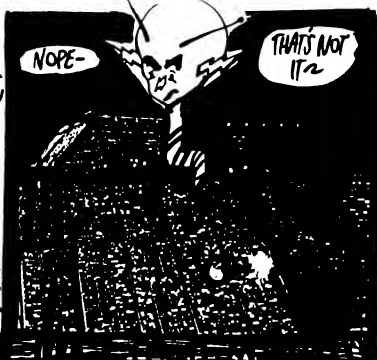
BUT IT TURNS OUT I DIDN'T WANT TO BE SUPERMAN EITHER. I REALLY WANTED TO BE SUPERMAN'S ARCH ENEMY, THE SCIENTIST LEX LUTHOR. SUPERMAN WAS ACTUALLY A HORRIBLE UNDERACHIEVER!! LOOK AT WHAT HE WAS ENDOWED WITH: X-RAY VISION, THE ABILITY TO SCAN BOOKS IN SECONDS, AND SO ON, BUT HERE'S LEX LUTHOR, A NORMAL HUMAN BEING - HE'S EVEN BALD - AND HE'S ABLE TO COME WITHIN A HAIR OF OUTSMARTING SUPERMAN, WITH JUST HIS UNDAIDED BRAIN! SUPERMAN WAS ALL BRAIN. LEX LUTHOR WAS REALLY THE SMARTER OF THE TWO.

WHEN HE GOT THE IDEA OF COMPUTER SIMULATION, MORAVEC REALIZED HE COULD ACTUALLY BECOME SUPERMAN. IN FACT, IT WAS BETTER THAN BEING SUPERMAN - 'YOU CAN KILL SUPERMAN WITH KRYPTONITE, BUT WITH BIT BY BIT TRANSFER YOU CAN MAKE COPIES OF YOURSELF!!'

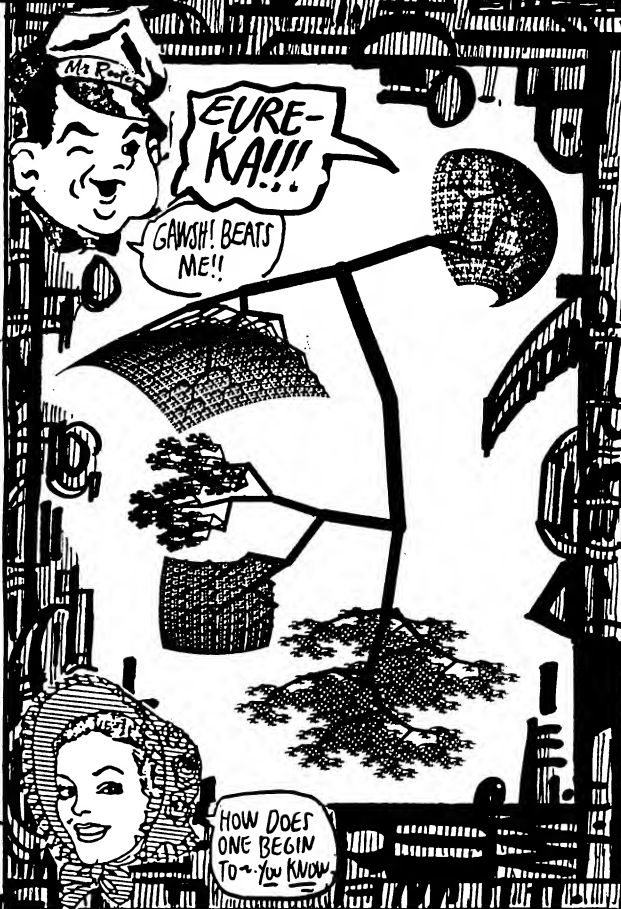




MORAVEC COMBINED HIS BIT & BITE DOWNLOADING INVENTION WITH THE IDEA OF THE MOST ADVANCED, DEXTEROUS, AND POWERFUL TYPE OF ROBOT HE COULD THINK OF, THEREBY COMING UP WITH HIS ADULT VERSION OF A SUPERMAN, A TRUE SUPERMAN. AS A MATTER OF FACT IT WOULD BE NOTHING LIKE A HUMAN BEING AT ALL - A TRUE SUPERMAN WOULD BE A BUSH ROBOT.



A BUSH ROBOT
For robot bush-hams couldn't decide on the term, WAS THE VERY LAST IN MUSCLES AND SENSORS; IT POSSESSED AN ALMOST INFINITE NUMBER OF ARMS, LEGS, AND OTHER FLEXIBLE LINKS, EACH OF WHICH ENDED IN PHOTO-RECEPTORS FAR MORE SENSITIVE THAN THOSE EVER SEEN BEFORE, ON EARTH. THE 'BUSH' ASPECT OF IT REFERRED TO THE FACT THAT EACH OF THE ROBOT'S LIMBS WOULD BRANCH OUT INTO SMALLER AND FINER LIMBS LIKE THE TWIGS OF A TREE. OUR BODY ALREADY DID THIS IN SOME SMALL MEASURE, FOR OUR ARMS IN HANDS BRANCHING INTO FINGERS (MORAVEC, NATURE HAD TERMINATED THE PROCESS TOO SOON.



THERE ARE MANY THINGS THE HANDS CANT DO. THEY CANT HOLD SEVEN THINGS AT ONCE AND ARE LIMITED IN THE FINENESS OF THEIR MANIPULATIONS. ...IF YOUR FINGERS HAD FINGERS, AND IF THOSE FINGERS HAD FINGERS, AND IF THOSE FINGERS THEMSELVES HAD FINGERS, AND SO ON, THEN ULTIMATELY YOU COULD HOLD BILLIONS OF THINGS AT ONCE.

TAKEN TO ITS FURTHERMOST POSSIBLE DEGREE, THE ARMS COULD SUBDIVIDE INTO BILLIONS OF TINY EXTREMITIES, A FANWORK OF HAIRLIKE JOINTED STRUCTURES, SOME SMALL ENOUGH TO MANIPULATE INDIVIDUAL MOLECULES - EVEN INDIVIDUAL ATOMS. YOUR LIMBS COULD MOVE IN AN INFINITE RANGE IN ALL THREE DIMENSIONS AT A MILLION TIMES A SECOND!!



THEY COULD ROTATE ON THEIR AXIS, EXPAND AND CONTRACT. EACH ARM WOULD BE EQUIPPED WITH SENSORS THAT WOULD RESPOND TO HEAT, LIGHT, AND THE FULL SPECTRUM OF ELECTROMAGNETIC EFFECTS. AND MORE. PARTS OF THE ROBOT COULD SEPARATE, BE SMALLER BUSHES! SMALL ONES COULD FLY LIKE DUST MOTES, LARGER ONES WALK OR BURROW!! ALL THE CAPABILITIES AND NONE OF THE ANIMAL LIMITATIONS - THE PLATONIC FORM OF DEXTERITY!



'A BUSH ROBOT WOULD BE A MIRACLE OF SURREALISM TO BEHOLD - DESPITE ITS STRUCTURAL RESEMBLANCE TO MANY LIVING THINGS, IT WOULD BE UNLIKE ANYTHING YET SEEN ON EARTH.'

TO SOME EYES IT WAS A RATHER GHASTLY OBJECT, YET MORAVEC SPOKE OF ITS 'PERPETUAL GRACEFULNESS.'

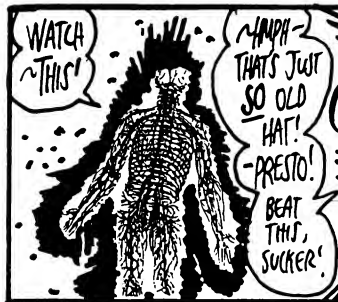
AT HOME WITH THE BUSH ROBOTS!



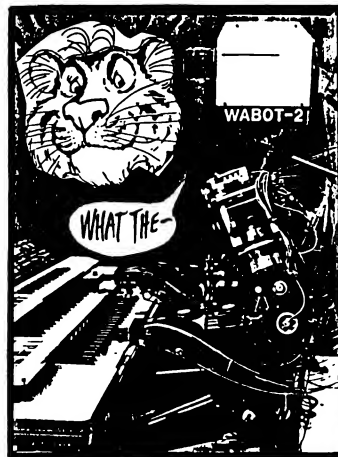
HELLO, DEAR-YOINK!



HEY, DAD-YIPE!



TO CONTROL ITS BILLIONS OF EYES AND ARMS, THE BUSH ROBOT WOULD HAVE TO BE EQUIPPED WITH A CORRESPONDINGLY SUPERINTELLIGENT, ALMOST GODLIKE BRAIN--AN OMNIPOTENT BEING--A TRILLION LIMBED DEVICE, WITH A BRAIN TO MATCH, IS AN ENTIRELY NEW ORDER OF BEING--AS NO MAGICIAN THAT EVER WAS, IMPOSSIBLE THINGS WILL SIMPLY HAPPEN--IMAGINE INHABITING (IT)!

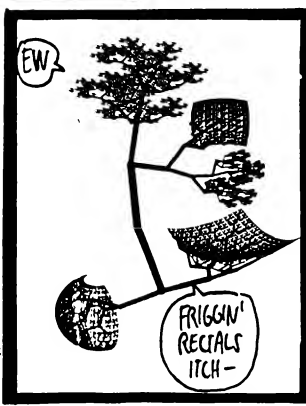


BACK FROM THE FANCIFUL, THERE WERE QUESTIONS--ASSUMING THAT IT WAS SCIENTIFICALLY POSSIBLE TO 'DOWN-LOAD.' WHAT IF YOU GOT HOOKED ON SYNTHETIC EXPERIENCE; SIMULATED REALITY--AN OLD J-F. STANDARD? AND WHAT IS THE VALUE OF A SYNTHESIZED WORLD??

ROBERT NOZICK--THE PHILOSOPHER WHO ONCE CLAIMED THAT HUMANITY HAD LOST ITS CLAIM TO CONTINUE--THOUGHT THAT 'PLUGGING INTO THE MACHINE IS A KIND OF SUICIDE--WE WANT TO CERTAIN THINGS, BE A CERTAIN PERSON--SOMEONE--IN A TANK IS AN INDETERMINATE BLOB.'



AS FAR AS MORAVEC WAS CONCERNED, THERE WAS NOT MUCH LIKELIHOOD OF THAT HAPPENING--THE CHANCE OF PUTTING YOURSELF IN A VIRTUALLY OMNI-POTENT BODY...--INDEED. OMNIPOTENCE WOULD BE AN EVERYDAY THING IN THE WORLD OF THE POSTBIOLOGICAL MAN.

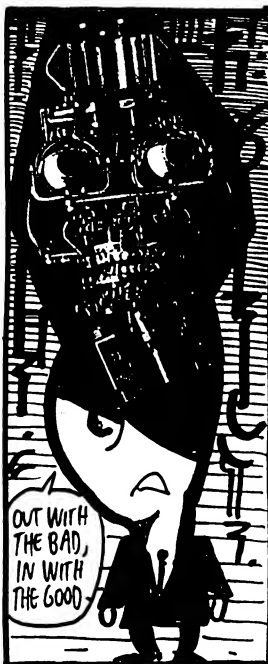


THE AGE OF THE POSTBIOLOGICAL MAN WOULD REVEAL THE HUMAN CONDITION FOR WHAT IT ACTUALLY IS, WHICH IS TO SAY, A CONDITION TO BE GOTTEN OUT OF. AS FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE HAD SAID IN 1883 'MAN IS SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE OVERCOME--WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO OVERCOME HIM?'



AND IF YOU ACHIEVED THE TRANSHUMAN,
WHAT OF THE LEFTOVER HUMANITY?

ANACHRONISMS, REPOSITORIES OF OUT-
DATED DNA, RELEGATED TO ZOOS,
MUSEUMS, NATURE PRESERVES. 'IT
WOULD COST THE ROBOTS VERY LITTLE...
THE HUMAN BEING IS THIS VERY UN-
LIMITED THING THAT WILL NOT BE ABLE
TO PARTICIPATE IN ALL THE GOOD
STUFF GOING ON IN THOSE TIMES.'



'WE'RE GOING TO BE
ENORMOUSLY OUT OF
OUR LEAGUE, IF WE
STAY IN THESE BO-
DIES AND THESE BRAINS-
THESE BODIES
AND THESE BRAINS~

IT WAS A REAL
PAIN IN THE NECK,
THIS BUSINESS OF
BEING CONFINED
TO THESE BODIES
AND THESE BRAINS.

'I RESENT THE
FACT I HAVE THESE
VERY INSISTENT DR-
IVES WHICH TAKE UP
ENORMOUS AMOUNTS
TO SATISFY AND ARE
NEVER COMPLETELY
APPEASED.'

FOOD AND SEX, HE ENJOY-
ED LIKE ANYONE ELSE.
BUT HE RESENTED THE
FACT HE ENJOYED THEM.
HE RESENTED HIS ALL
TOO HUMAN BODY - AND
HIS DISTASTE REACHED
IT'S PEAK WHEN HE HAD
TO HAVE IT REPAIRED
IN A HOSPITAL.



IT WAS A DOUBLE
EMBARRASSMENT.
NOT ONLY WAS HIS
BODY FAILING HIM,
BUT IT WAS ON THIS
OCCASION THAT HE
FINALLY LEARNED -
ABSOLUTELY, AND FOR
SURE - THAT HE WAS
NOT A ROBOT.



THERE HE WAS, ON
THE OPERATING TABLE,
BEING CUT OPEN FOR
RENOVATIONS, AND WHAT
SHOULD THE DOCTORS FIND
BUT ~ ORDINARY FLESH
AND BLOOD. A SMALL
DISAPPOINTMENT, NOT
ENTIRELY UNEXPECTED,
BUT STILL, HE'D NEVER
GIVEN UP HOPE 'TIL THEN.

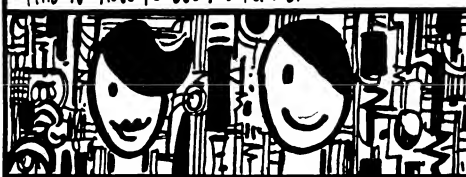


ON THE OTHER HAND, IT WAS
DURING HIS ILLNESS MORAVEL
MET HIS WIFE, ELLA, ONE OF
THE NURSES. TRUE LOVE - HE'S
NOT A ROBOT, HE'S FLESH + BLOOD -
AND SHE ACCEPTED HIM ANYWAY!

HUMAN THOUGH HE WAS, HANS MORAVEL WAS AS
HAPPY A PERSON YOU'D MEET. HE UNDERSTOOD THE
HUMAN CONDITION FOR WHAT IT WAS.

AND HE COULD SEE A WAY OUT OF IT.

'I HAVE FAITH IN THESE COMPUTERS... YOU'RE GO-
ING TO BE MORE THAN YOU ARE, ... DO MUCH MORE...
NOT DIE - IT REALLY IS A SORT OF CHRISTIAN FANTASY'.
THIS IS HOW TO BECOME PURE SPIRIT.'



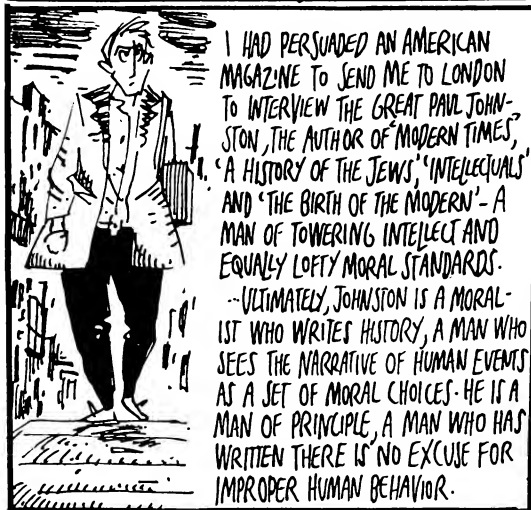
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET
RID OF THESE BODIES AND
THESE BRAINS~



ADAPTED FROM 'THE GREAT MAMBO
CHICKEN AND THE TRANSHUMAN CON-
DITION', ED REGIS - PENGUIN.

THE ANSWER, MAN!

ADAPTED FROM 'AUTHOR! AUTHOR!' BY RICHARD STENGEL, SPY MAGAZINE, JUNE 1992. © 1992 THE SPY CORP. DRAWN BY GERARD ADAPTED ASHWORTH.



HE IS ALSO A MAN WHO LOATHES THE PRESS, ONCE NOTING THAT 'MOST JOURNALISTS ARE SCOUNDRELS. THEY SHOULD ALL BE LOCKED UP.'

I ARRIVED AT JOHNSTON'S BAY'S WATER TOWNHOUSE AT PRECISELY FOUR-THIRTY...

DO YOU HAVE A PHOTOGRAPHER WITH YOU?



I TOOK MY PLACE ON A LUMPY COUCH, FIGURING THAT JOHNSTON WOULD PREFER TO SIT IN THE THRONE-LIKE CHAIR OPPOSITE ME. HE RETURNED A FEW MINUTES LATER WITH THE TEA, AND THEN LEANED BACK IN HIS CHAIR, EYING ME SUSPICIOUSLY.

HE MADE NO MOVE TO POUR THE TEA...

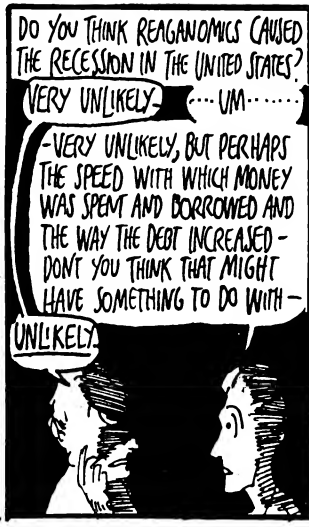
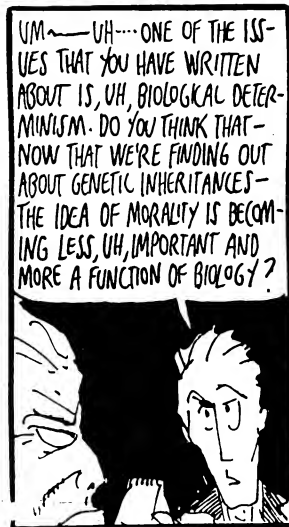
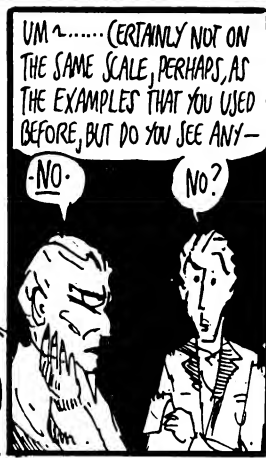
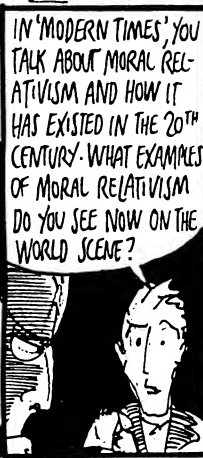


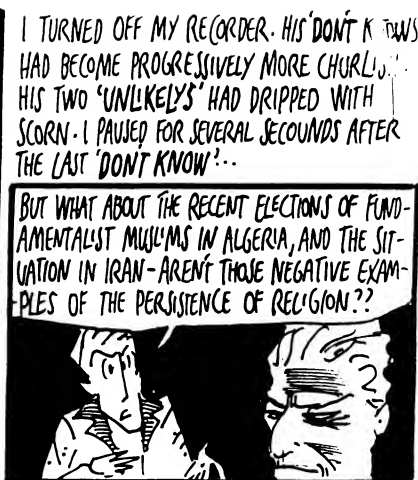
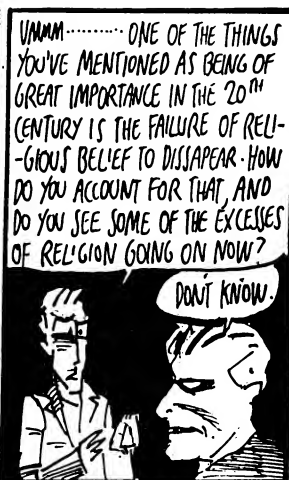


THIS WAS THE MOMENT FOR FLATTERY. I TOLD HIM HE WAS A GREAT POPULAR CONTEMPORARY HISTORIAN AND A MAN OF INTERNATIONAL STATURE. BESIDES, I SAID, I KNEW HE WAS WRITING A HISTORY OF THE U.S.



I TOLD HIM THEN THAT IF HE DIDN'T MIND, I'D TURN ON MY TAPE RECORDER AND BEGIN THE INTERVIEW~





HE STOOD UP, AND WITHOUT LOOKING AT ME, RUMBLED OUT OF THE ROOM.

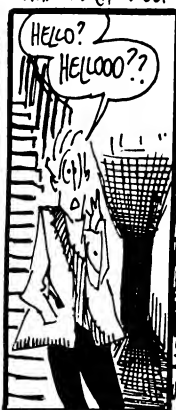
FIVE MINUTES PASSED.

PERHAPS HE HAD TROUBLED OFF TO THE BATHROOM? I LISTENED FOR RUNNING WATER.

AFTER 10 MINUTES I WALKED INTO THE HALWAY AND PEEKED ABOUT~

AFTER 15 MINUTES I STOOD IN THE HALWAY AND CALLED OUT.

I WALKED HALWAY UP THE STAIRS AND LOOKED AROUND. - NOTHING.



HELLO?

NOTHING. I RETURNED TO THE DEN. AFTER HALF AN HOUR, I WALKED OUT INTO THE HALL, CALLED OUT 'GOODBYE!!' - AND THEN SHUT THE FRONT DOOR BEHIND ME.

I LOOKED BACK AT THE HALL AS I WALKED AWAY. ALL THE LIGHTS WERE OUT, AND I DIDN'T SEE ANY MOVEMENT OF THE CURTAINS.

ON THE PLANE BACK, I LEAFED THROUGH THE FINAL CHAPTER OF 'INTELLECTUALS', AND CAME ACROSS THIS PASSAGE: -

"I think I detect today a certain public skepticism when intellectuals stand up to preach to us, a growing tendency among ordinary people to dispute the right of academics, writers and philosophers, eminent though they may be, to tell us how to behave and conduct our affairs. The belief seems to be spreading that intellectuals are no wiser as mentors, or worthier as exemplars, than the witch doctors or priests of old. I share that skepticism."



YH/12

~CANDLE SNUFFING~

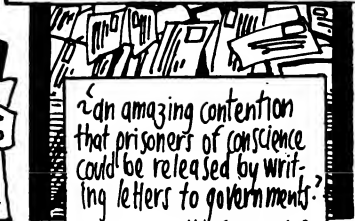
GJASHW09H492

JUST ONE OF THOSE INCIDENTS. IN NOVEMBER OF 1960, TWO PORTUGUESE STUDENTS RAISED THEIR GLASSES IN PUBLIC TO FREEDOM.

THE SALAZAR DICTATORSHIP IMPRISONED THEM FOR SEVEN YEARS.

READING ABOUT IT IN ENGLAND, CATHOLIC LAWYER PETER BERENSON WONDERED.

AS A DEFENSE COUNSEL IN A NUMBER OF POLITICAL TRIALS, BERENSON DECIDED THIS TIME SOMETHING WOULD BE DONE.



~MARTIN ENNALS. FUTURE AMNESTY SEC. GENERAL.

GREAT OPENING LINES, PASSING INTO LEGEND. YOU KNOW THE REST. ABOUT THE PETTY THUGGERY OF DICTATORSHIPS, OF THE HORROR STORIES OF INCARCERATION, THE TRAGEDIES OF FAMILIES. HANNAH ARENDT'S 'BANALITY OF EVIL' WRITTEN ON SMALL SCRAPS OF INFORMATION PASSED AROUND THE WORLD.

AND OF THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE FOR BASIC HUMAN RIGHTS AND DIGNITY THAT AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL PURSUES.

'BETTER TO LIGHT ONE CANDLE, THAN TO CURSE THE DARKNESS.' GOES THE ANCIENT PROVERB THAT INSPIRED THE A-I. SYMBOL.



YOU CAN READ ABOUT TRIUMPH ELSEWHERE. THIS IS ABOUT HOW THE CANDLE NEARLY SNUFFED IT.



IT WAS IN 1966. DR SELAHADDIN RASTGELDI (OF AMNESTY'S SWEDISH SECTION) INVESTIGATED REPORTS OF THE BRITISH ARMY TORTURE IN ITS COLONY ADEN. A HAND GRENADE HAD BEEN THROWN AT A BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER. ARRESTS WERE MADE.



RASTGELDI DID AN INCrimINATING REPORT, ALLEGING VIOLENCE BY BRITISH SOLDIERS AGAINST ARAB PRISONERS, AND THAT THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE PREVENTED HIM FROM VISITING INTERNMENT CAMPS. THE HIGH COMMISSIONER CLAIMED THERE WERE NO POLITICAL PRISONERS...

THANK FAST!

DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY?

AND THE GRENADE?

LIES! ALL LIES!!



PROBLEMS OCCURED.
THE REPORT WAS EITHER $\frac{1}{3}$ DELIBERATELY SUPPRESSED BY AMNESTY UNDER PRESSURE FROM THE FOREIGN OFFICE ~ $\frac{2}{3}$ THE FOREIGN OFFICE WAS THREATENED BY AMNESTY TO TAKE ACTION OVER ADEN OR THEY'D RELEASE THE REPORT, ACCORDING TO ROBERT SWANN, GENERAL SECT.



HE QUESTIONED SOME HIGH LEVEL LABOUR PARTY MEN, AND HE NOTED THEIR EMBARRASSMENT OVER ADEN - A NEED TO KEEP QUIET. — HE THEN FOCUSED ON



- ROBERT SWANN!
A CLOSE ALLY
- BUT -
HE HAD BEEN WITH THE FOREIGN OFFICE IN BANGKOK. HE HAD TOLD HIM HED BEEN INVOLVED IN 'PARA-DIPLOMATIC ACTIVITIES'

IN SEPTEMBER, 1966, AFTER VISITING ADEN HIMSELF, BERENSON, THEN PRESIDENT OF A., DECIDED TO PUBLISH THE REPORT IN SWEDEN~



~ WITH A NASTY BRITISH REACTION - COMING DOWN MOSTLY ON RAITGELDI~

RAITGELDI? NOT EXACTLY - ENGLISH, IS IT??



THE WHOLE BUSINESS MADE BERENSON SUSPICIOUS.

IS SOMEONE FROM THE FOREIGN OFFICE - INSIDE US??



TRYING TO SUBVERT AMNESTY!
OUR OWN GOVERNMENT!
I'LL MOVE THE OPERATION TO SWEDEN!



NOBODY FOLLOWED HIM.



NO, WAIT~ I TAKE THAT BACK - I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! ~ GET ME SEAN M'BRIDE!



YOU HAVE MY SUPPORT IN THIS, PETER. WE'LL HIRE AN IMPARTIAL INVESTIGATOR, PETER CALVO-CRESSI - FIND OUT IF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE IS INVOLVED - WE CAN TRUST HIM. ~ ROBERT - COULD YOU HIT THE ROAD FOR A WHILE?



SO~ THE AIR A-ROUND A-I WAS ALREADY ELECTRICAL~ WHEN



WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT C.I.A. MONEY GOING TO THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION OF JURISTS OF WHICH YOU are a member~ SEAN?



CONVINCED THAT MCBRIDE WAS IN THE C-I-A, THAT BRITISH INTELLIGENCE AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE WERE WITHIN A-I-1, BERENSON'S RELATIONSHIP WITH THE ORGANIZATION WAS RIPPING IT APART~

INFILTRATORS! EVERYWHERE!

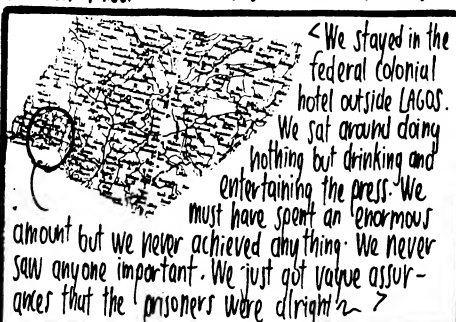


IT WAS THEN THAT THE PRESS GOT A-HOLD ON SOME INFORMATION REGARDING BERENSON'S OWN 'DEALINGS' WITH THE GOVERNMENT...

READ THE PAPERS, PETER? -err?



POLLY TOYNBEE, 19, HAD SERVED AS A SECRETARY ON AN AMNESTY MISSION. SHE HAD SOME TALES ~ NIGERIA, 6



HOW ARE THE PRISONERS?

-ASLEEP.

THAT'S IT, THEN. I'M GOING BACK TO THE BAR AND TELL THE PRESS.



RHODESIA, '66~



AFTER INDEPENDENCE FROM BRITAIN, MASS ARRESTS HAD BEEN MADE OF THE POLITICALLY 'ELITE' THE AMNESTY GROUP, HOWEVER, SEEMED UNCLEAR AS TO WHAT TO DO ~

WELL... WELL... RHODESIA... UM- ANYONE KNOW WHO'S SIDE WE TAKE??



<THERE WAS ALSO A> seemingly endless supply of money. I could go to the 'bank and draw out £200 pounds at a time. And there was no check on what I did with the money...



MEETING BERENSON AT A-I-1 HEADQUARTERS IN SAUSBURY, TOYNBEE ASKED HIM WHERE THE MONEY CAME FROM ~

-THE GOVERNMENT.



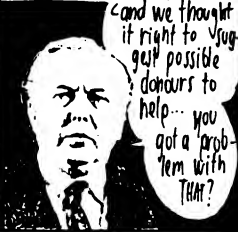
TOYNBEE SOON GOT KICKED OUT OF SAUSBURY, BUT NOT BEFORE SEEING A NUMBER OF LETTERS THAT HAD BEEN ABANDONED IN A SAFE ~ (??)



MOST WERE BERENSON'S ~ SOME COPIED, SOME TYPED AND CONTAINED FREQUENT REFERENCES TO 'HARRY' LIKE ~ '12 JAN. The only news of any import comes from HARRY. he's giving us the money we asked for...'



THE REVELATIONS CAUSED A SCANDAL! HAROLD WILSON, THE P-M, ADMITTED THAT THERE HAD BEEN AN APPROACH TO THE GOVERNMENT FOR HELP.



AMNESTY DENIED KNOWLEDGE OF ANY ARRANGEMENT ~ THUS INFERRING THAT IT WAS ON BERENSON'S INITIATIVE...



24-11-77 THE MONEY WAS FOR THE PRISONERS AND THEIR FAMILIES. IT WAS FOR POLITICAL REASONS THAT IT WAS DONE SECRETLY. THE 'MONEYS' WERE NOT A GIFT - BUT ALL THIS JUST CONFIRMS MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT

PUT A SOCK IN IT, PETER - AND STOP BREATHING ON THE CANDLE -



IN MARCH 1967 A FIVE MAN EXECUTIVE MET IN DENMARK TO RESOLVE THE MESS. BERENSON REFUSED TO ATTEND. SEAN MCBRIDE:

THE CRISIS WITHIN THE ORGANISATION IS BECAUSE OF A NUMBER OF ERRATIC ACTIONS, CHARGES, AND UNILATERAL... 'INITIATIVES' BY BERENSON... HE MEANS WELL - BUT -



THE EXECUTIVE CONFIRMED BERENSON'S RESIGNATION. THE POST OF PRESIDENT WAS ABOLISHED AND THE NEW POST OF DIRECTOR GENERAL WAS ESTABLISHED.

Sigh... I'M GOIN' DOWN TO MY FARM... 'BOUT TIME TO RETIRE



I STILL BELIEVED THAT A-I SHOULD BE IN A NEUTRAL COUNTRY BEING BASED IN LONDON HOW COULD WE PROPERLY INVESTIGATE THE PROBLEMS OF NORTHERN IRELAND?

ah, well...

OO, AR.



SPEAKING OF NEUTRAL, DUE TO THE SPOT BETWEEN A-I AND BERENSON, RELATIONS BETWEEN MANY OF THEIR FOREIGN OFFICES PARTICULARLY SWEDEN, WERE STRAINED.

YOU STILL GOT PROBLEMS WITH YOURSELF? GO



WHATEVER PROBLEMS THERE WERE WITH BERENSON, THERE WAS NO DOUBT THAT IN A-I'S EARLY DAYS OF OPERATION, IT WAS HIS INITIATIVE AND CONTACTS THAT GOT THINGS DONE -

LOUIS - 5 DETAINEES IN GHANA -

I'M ONTO IT!



EVERYTHING HINGED ON HIS PERSONALITY, AND HE INSPIRED DEEP AFFECTION AND LOYALTY IN THOSE WHO WORKED WITH HIM.

A GOOD GUY IN A GOOD CAUSE!



AMNESTY ITSELF MANAGED TO RAISE ITSELF FROM ITS NADIR IN EARLY '67 - DIVIDED LEADERSHIP, FINANCIAL PROBLEMS, UNPOPULAR WITH THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND ACCUSED OF BEING IN THE GOVERNMENT'S POCKET -



~ MAINLY DUE TO THE LEVEL HEADED INDUSTRIALNESS OF PROVISIONALLY ELECTED SECRETARY ERIC BAKER, AND THEN MARTIN ENNALLS (TAKING OVER FROM BAKER) WHO'S STRONG POLITICAL MOTIVATIONS AND BROAD PERSPECTIVE GAVE A-I AN EDGE.

ENOUGH PAROCHIALISM! LET'S GET INTERNATIONAL!



AND SO AMNESTY EXPANDED FROM ITS MURKYS AND BECAME THE 'CONSCIENCE WATCHDOG' IT IS TODAY. WHAT THE HELL - IT GOT BEYOND GREAT OPENING LINES TO GET OTHER STORIES TOLD - AND DEALT WITH - NOW THAT'S INSPIRATION!!



* THIS STORY IS ADAPTED - OR CRIBBED EXTENSIVELY! - FROM 'AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL: A HUMAN RIGHTS STORY' BY JONATHAN POWDER, MCGRAW HILL, 1981 'AMNESTY TODAY AND YESTERDAY' Pgs 9-19. NOW GO READ THE REST! JH/12

EXEGESIS

AS RELATED BY PHILIP K. DICK.

FROM THE 2-3-1974, WRITER DICK (AUTHOR OF 'UBIK', 'VALS', 'MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE', AND 'DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP' - FILMED AS 'BLADE RUNNER') EXPERIENCED WHAT CAN BE CALLED VISITATIONS OF A RELIGIOUS NATURE FROM WHAT HE CALLED 'AI VOICES'. FOR A WHILE IN 1980, THEY APPEARED TO HAVE HAD DISAPPEARED ALTOGETHER. BY NOVEMBER, THE LACK OF A DIRECT RELATION WAS GNAWING AT HIM.

AT 11:00 A.M. ON NOVEMBER 17, PHIL WAS HANGING OUT IN HIS KITCHEN, VERY STONED, CHATTING WITH FRIEND RAY TORRENCE (WHO RECALLS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THE OCCASION.)



ZAP! RIP-ROARING DIRECT CONTACT!

'GOD MANIFESTED HIMSELF TO ME AS THE INFINITE VOID - BUT IT WAS NOT THE ABYSS. IT WAS THE VAULT OF HEAVEN, WITH BLUE SKY AND WISPS OF WHITE CLOUDS. HE WAS NOT SOME FOREIGN GOD BUT THE GOD OF MY FATHERS. HE WAS LOVING AND KIND AND HAD PERSONALITY. HE SAID -

you suffer a little now in life; it is little compared with the great joys, the bliss that awaits you. Do you think I in my theodicy would allow you to suffer greatly in proportion to your reward?'



HE MADE ME AWARE, THEN, OF THE
BLISS THAT WOULD COME-IT WAS INFINITE
AND SWEET~



I am the infinite. I will show you. Where I am, Infinity is; where
infinity is, there I am. Construct lines of reasoning by which to
understand your experience in 1974. I will enter the field
against their shifting nature. You think they are logical but
they are not, they are infinitely creative.



I THOUGHT A
THOUGHT~

AND THEN AN INFINITE REGRESS
OF THESES AND COUNTERTHESES
CAME INTO BEING...

I THOUGHT ANOTHER EXPLANATION; AGAIN AN
INFINITE SERIES OF THOUGHTS SPLIT OFF IN DIA-
LECTICAL ANTIETHICAL INTERACTION.

I THOUGHT, THEN, OF
A INFINITE NUMBER
OF EXPLANATIONS,
IN SUCCESSION, THAT
EXPLAINED 2-3-74-



Here I am-Here is Infinity.



Here is Infinity-Here I am:



EACH SINGLE ONE OF
THEM YIELDED UP AN
INFINITE PROGRESSION
OF FLIPFLOPS, OF THESES
AND ANTITHESIS~

FOREVER

EACH TIME GOD SAID-

Here is Infinity.
Here, then am I-

I TRIED AN INFINITE NUMBER OF TIMES: EACH TIME AN IN-
FINITE REGRESS WAS SET OFF AND EACH TIME GOD SAID "INFINITY.
HENCE I AM HERE." "Every thought leads to Eternity, does
it not? Find one that doesn't."



I TRIED FOREVER. ALL LED TO AN INFINITE OF RE-
GRESS, OF THE DIALECTIC, OF THESES, ANTITHESIS AND
NEW SYNTHESIS. EACH TIME, GOD SAID, "HERE IS IN-
FINITY, HERE I AM. TRY AGAIN."



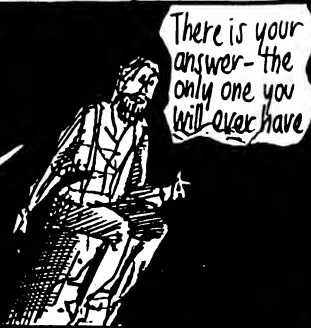
You doubt, you are the doubt as in:-
They reckon ill who leave me out;
When they fly me I am the wings.
I am the doubter and the doubt:-



You are not the doubter; you are the doubt itself. So do not try to know- you cannot know. Guess on the basis of the highest pile of computer punch cards. There is an infinite stack in the heap marked INFINITY, and I have equated infinity with me. What, then, is the chance it is me??

You cannot be positive;
You will doubt- but
What is your guess?

PROBABLY IT IS YOU SINCE
THERE IS AN INFINITY OF
INFINITIES FORMING BEFORE ME.



There is your answer- the only one you will ever have

YOU COULD BE PRETENDING TO BE GOD- AND ACTUALLY BE SATAN.

Infinity.



YOU COULD BE TESTING
OUT THE LOGIC SYSTEM
OF A GIANT COMPUTER.
AND I AM--



Infinity.

WILL IT ALWAYS BE INFINITE? Try further. I DOUBT IF YOU EXIST. Infinity.

THE PILE OF COMPUTER PUNCH CARDS GREW,
IT WAS BY FAR THE LARGEST PILE.

I Will play this game forever,
or until you become tired.

I WILL FIND A THOUGHT, AN EXPLANATION, A THEORY
THAT DOES NOT SET OFF AN INFINITE REGRESS.



AND, AS SOON AS I HAD SAID THAT, AN INFINITE REGRESS WAS SET OFF.

I SAW THEN A... AFTER WITH MANY SHAFTS, AND ALL THE SHAFTS LED TO A COMMON OUTLET. THAT CONCLUSION WAS INFINITY-

That is myself. I am Infinity. Where Infinity is, there I am; where I am, there is infinity. All roads-all explanations for '2-3-74'-lead to an infinity of Yes-No, This or That, On-off, One-Zero, Yin-yang, the dialectic, infinity upon infinity; an infinity of infinities. I am every where and all roads lead to me; OMNIAE (V). AD DUEN' DUCENT. Try again. Think of another possible explanation for '2-3-74'.

"I'DID. IT LED TO A INFINITY OF REGRESS."

This is not logic. Do not think in terms of absolute theories; think instead in terms of probabilities. Watch where the piles heap up, of the same theory essentially repeating itself. Count the number of punch cards in each file. Which pile is highest? You can never know for sure what 2-3-74 was. What, then, is statistically most probable? Which is to say, which pile is highest?

- Here is your clue: every theory leads to an infinity. What, then, is the probability that I am the cause of '2-3-74', since where infinity is, there I am??

Over a period of six and a half years you have developed theory after theory to explain 2:3-74. Each night you go to bed and think, 'AT LAST I'VE FOUND IT. I TRIED OUT THEORY AFTER THEORY UNTIL NOW, FINALLY, I HAVE ONE.'

And the next morning you wake up and say, 'THERE IS ONE FACT NOT EXPLAINED BY THE THEORY. I WILL HAVE TO THINK UP ANOTHER THEORY.'

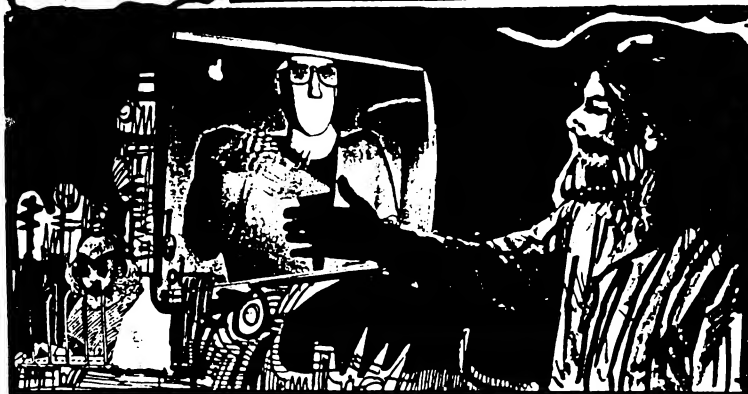
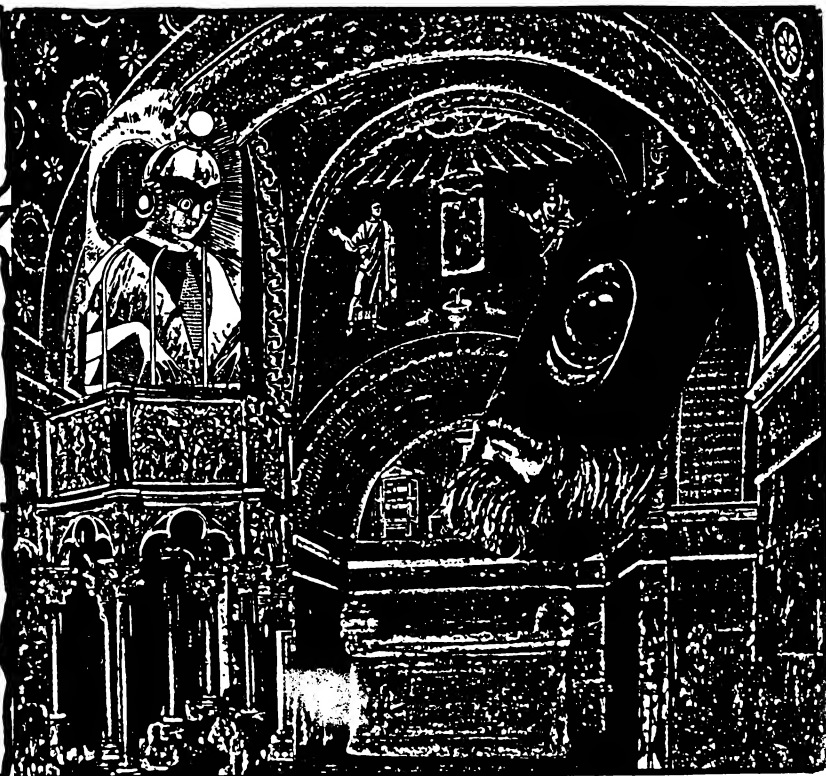
And so you do.

By now it is evident that you are going to think up an infinite number of theories limited by your life span, not limited by your creative imagination. Each theory gives rise to a subsequent theory.

Inevitably



Let me ask you; I revealed myself to you and you saw that I am the infinite void. I am not in the world, as you thought; I am transcendent, the diety of the Jews and the Christians. What you see of me in the world that you took to ratify pantheism- that is my being filtered through, broken up, fragmented and vitiated by the multiplicity of the flux world; it is my essence, yes, but only a bit of it;- fragments here and there, a glint, a ruffle of wind.....



- Now you have seen me transcendent, sepearate and other from world, and I am more, I am the infinitude of the void, and you know me as I am. Do you believe what you saw? Do you accept where the infinite is, I am, and where I am, there is the infinite?

•YES•



And your theories are infinite, so I am there. Without realizing it, the very infinitude of theories pointed to the solution. They pointed to me and none but me.

Are you satisfied now?

You saw me revealed in theophany;
I speak to you now; you have,
while alive, experienced the
bliss that is to come; few hu-
mans have experienced that
bliss. Let me ask you—was it a
finite bliss or, an infinite bliss?

INFINITE.

So no earthly
circumstance,
situation,
entity,
or thing
could give
rise to
it?

-No, Lord.

Then it is
I

Are you satisfied?

LET ME TRY ONE OTHER THEORY—
WHAT HAPPENED IN 2:3-74
WAS THAT...

Infinity. try again. I will play
forever. For Infinity.

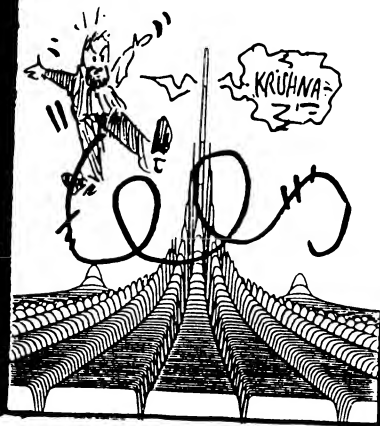
HERE'S A NEW THEORY: WHAT IF
GOD LIKES PLAYING GAMES?

KRISHNA.

YOU ARE
KRISHNA.

BUT THERE MAY BE ANOTHER GOD THAT
MIMICS OTHER GODS; THAT GOD IS
DIONYSUS. THIS MAY NOT BE KRISHNA
AT ALL. IT MAY BE DIONYSUS PRE-
TENDING TO BE—

Infinity.





YOU CANNOT BE YHWH YOU SAY YOU ARE ~

BECAUSE...
YHWH SAYS 'I AM THAT WHICH I AM' OR 'I SHALL BE THAT WHICH I SHALL BE' AND YOU-

Do I change ~ or do your theories change?
YOU DO NOT CHANGE. MY THEORIES CHANGE YOU AND 2:3:74 - REMAIN CONSTANT.
Then you are Krishna playing with me.

OR I COULD BE DIONYSUS. PRETENDING TO BE KRISHNA.



AND I WOULDN'T KNOW IT; PART OF THE GAME IS THAT I, MYSELF, DO NOT KNOW. SO I AM GOD, WITHOUT REALIZING IT. THERES ANOTHER THEORY RIGHT THERE!
-Infinty. Play again. Another move.

WE ARE BOTH GODS-
Infinity.
I AM YOU AND YOU ARE YOU ~

YOU HAVE DIVIDED YOURSELF IN TWO TO PLAY AGAINST YOURSELF. I, WHO AM ONE HALF, I DO NOT REMEMBER, BUT YOU DO. AS IT SAYS IN THE GITA, AS KRISHNA SAYS TO ARJUNA. 'WE HAVE BOTH LIVED MANY LIVES, ARJUNA; I REMEMBER THEM BUT YOU DO NOT....'

Infinity.
Play again.



PERHAPS I WILL BE REINCARNATED. PERHAPS WE HAVE DONE THIS BEFORE, IN ANOTHER LIFE IN Infinity.

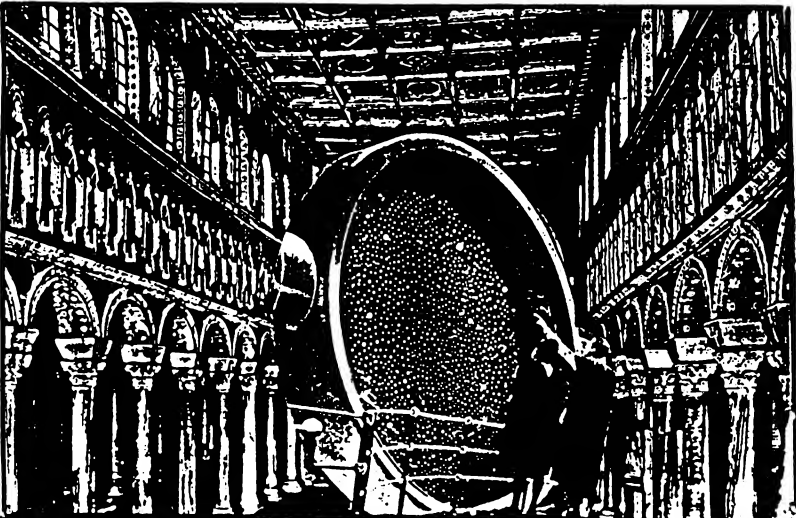


Play again.
I AM TOO TIRED.
Then the game is over.
AFTER I HAVE RESTED-
You Rest?

George Herbert wrote of me:

"YET LET HIM KEEP THE REST,
BUT KEEP THEM WITH REPINING RESTLESTNESSE.
LET HIM BE RICH AND WEARY, THAT AT LEAST,
IF GOODNESS LEADE HIM NOT, YET WEARINESSE
MAY TOSSE HIM TO MY BREASt."

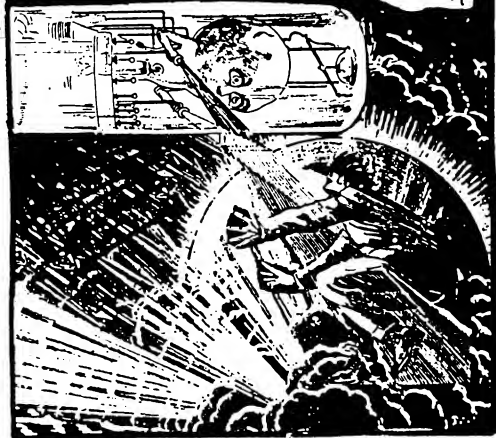
Herbert wrote that in 1633. Rest and the game ends.



I WILL PLAY ON. AFTER I REST. I WILL PLAY. UNTIL I DIE OF IT.

And then you will come to me. Play.

THIS IS MY PUNISHMENT. THAT I PLAY, AND THEN THOUGHT
THAT I TRY TO DISCERN IF IT WAS YOU IN MARCH OF 1974...





MY PUNISHMENT OR
MY REWARD—WHICH?

Infinity. Play again.

WHAT WAS MY CRIME THAT I
AM COMPELLED TO DO THIS?

Or your deed or merit.

I DON'T KNOW.

Because you are
NOT God.

OR MAYBE YOU DON'T
KNOW—AND YOU'RE
TRYING TO FIND OUT.

Infinity.
Play again. I am waiting

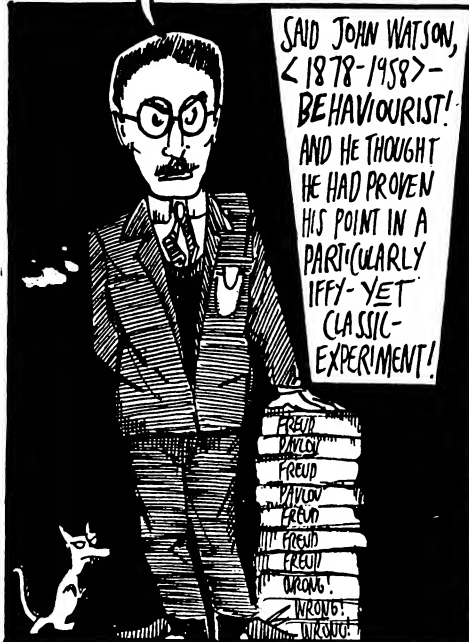
BUT YOU
KNOW—

'FOR A GUY WHO HAD JUST BEEN GRANTED A THEOPANY, PHIL HAD A DOWNRIGHT DISMAL CHRISTMAS. HE WAS BLUE BECAUSE IT SEEMED THERE WAS NO ONE TO TALK WITH ABOUT THE IDEAS THAT MATTERED TO HIM. IN THE 'EXEGESIS' PHIL ACKNOWLEDGED THAT HIS TALK SOMETIMES SOUNDED LIKE 'RELIGIOUS NONSENSE AND OCCULT NONSENSE'—BUT SOMEWHERE IN IT ALL WAS TRUTH. AND HE WOULD NEVER FIND IT. GOD HIMSELF HAD ASSURED HIM OF THAT. SO COME CHRISTMAS EVE 1980 HE WAS ALONE—BY CHOICE—WATCHING THE POPE'S MIDNIGHT MASS ON T.V., AND SEEING NO SIGN OF CHRIST IN THE RITUAL DISPLAY.'

FROM DIVINE INVASIONS-A LIFE OF PHILIP K. DICK, LAWRENCE SUTIN.

▶ **BEST BEHAVIORIALIST** ◀

"GIVE ME A DOZEN HEALTHY INFANTS, WELL FORMED, AND MY OWN SPECIALIZED WORLD TO BRING THEM UP IN, AND I GUARANTEE TO TAKE ANY ONE AT RANDOM AND TRAIN HIM TO BECOME ANY TYPE OF SPECIALIST I MIGHT SELECT - DOCTOR, LAWYER, ARTIST, MERCHANT CHIEF AND YES, EVEN DEGGARMAN AND THIEF, REGARDLESS OF HIS TALENTS, PENCHANTS, TENDENCIES, ABILITIES, VOCATIONS AND RACE OF HIS ANCESTORS."



WATSON, AN IMPULSIVE MAN, DECIDED TO BECOME A PSYCHOLOGIST WHEN THE PAPER HE HANDED IN TO GET HIS MASTER'S DEGREE AT THE FURMAN UNIVERSITY, (GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA) IN 1893 SOMEHOW ENDED UP BACK TO FRONT - THUS MAKING HIM TAKE ANOTHER YEAR TO GRADUATE. SINCE THE PROFESSOR WHO FAILED HIM WAS A PSYCHOLOGIST ~

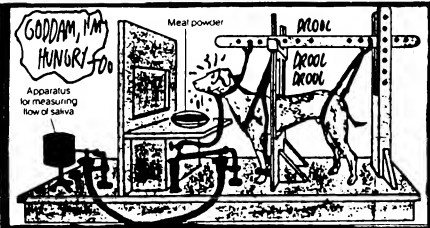
"I'LL BECOME A PSYCHOLOGIST-
SO FAMOUS, YOU-
YOU'LL COME CRAW-
LING BACK TO ME FOR
HELP!!
WATSON-

NYAH NYAH NYAH
~ SEE THAT YOU
DONT NYAH!

WATSON-
BEHAVE YOURSELF!

1 YEARS LATER- THE PROF. WENT TO STUDY UNDER WATSON!! BUT HE DIED!!!

WATSON WORKED AT THE
JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
IN BALTIMORE FROM 1908-
COMING UNDER THE INFLU-
ENCE OF THE WORK OF
IVAN PAVLOV (THE FAM-
OUS 'AT THE SOUND OF
THE BELL, THE DOG WILL
SALIVATE' PHYSIOLOGIST...
'1949-1936')



1905: 'THE FIRST AND MOST IMPORTANT TASK BEFORE US, THEN, IS TO ABANDON ENTIRELY THE NATURAL INCINATION TO TRANSPOSE OUR OWN SUBJECTIVE CONDITION UPON THE REACTION OF THE EXPERIMENTAL ANIMAL, AND INSTEAD, TO CONCENTRATE OUR WHOLE ATTENTION UPON THE INVESTIGATION OF THE CORRELATION BETWEEN THE EXTERNAL PHENOMENA AND THE REACTION OF THE ORGANISM.'

IN 1913, WATSON PUBLISHED 'PSYCHOLOGY AS THE BEHAVIORIST VIEWS IT'.

BEHAVIORISM IS BASED ON OBSERVABLE
EMOTIONS AND SENSATIONS CAN BE
GIVEN OBJECTIVE OPERATIONAL DEFINITIONS
-DAMN TO HELL FREUD AND HIS LITTLE HANDS!



YEP! FREUD-WATSON HAD READ FREUD'S 'ANALYSIS OF A PHOBIA IN A FIVE YEAR OLD BOY.' ACCORDING TO SIGMUND 'LITTLE HANS' HAD REDIRECTED A FEAR OF HIS FATHER ONTO THE SYMBOL'L REPRESENTATION OF HIS FEAR- HORSES". THUS LEADING TO HIS CONCLUSION THAT ALL PHOBIAS ARE THE RESULT OF UNCONSCIOUS CONFLICTS..

(WHAT'S WRONG, SON?)



(AWUG AWUG
AWUG AWUG)

YES... WELL. IT'S EE-ZEE TO MAKE FUN OF SUGGY, ISN'T IT? BUT SOMEONE HAD TO GET THE PSYCHOLOGICAL BALL ROLLING...

TO WATSON, THIS CONCLUSION WAS -
WRONG!! ~ IT'S TOO SUBJECTIVE ~ IT'S
 OBVIOUSLY SOME FEAR INDUCED BY PA-
 VLOVIAN CONDITIONING ~ A TRAUMATIC HORSE
 ACCIDENT IN THE BOY'S PAST ~ oedipal con-
 flicts, my arse ~ IT'S **CONDITIONING** ~

!! I'LL PROVE IT!

WA OH - WATSON'S
 GOT THAT COOL!

CONTROLLED
 CONDITIONS!
 THAT'S THE
 KEY ~

4/5 FIRST EXPERIMENT TO INDUCE FEAR
 ✓ ARTIFICIAL THUNDER AND LIGHTNING
 IN HIS LABORATORY WAS A FAILURE ~

WABBAWU
 AWWBRAWU
 DAWUMBURMB

CRACK!!

playing hard
 to get a re-
 spon, eh?

GOTTA
 THINK

FAH-
 GOT IT!

CLANG!!

SO, WITH A GRADUATE STUDENT,
 ROSALIE RAYNER, HE CHOSE AN
 ELEVEN MONTH OLD CHILD NAMED
 ALBERT B; TO INDUCE A PHOBIA
 UPON.

NEVER BEEN OUT OF A NURSERY, EH?
 GREAT TABULA RASA!

WASN'T THERE ANY ~ PROBLEM?

NO, NO - NOT AT ALL! THE KID WILL
 HAVE TO GET USED TO FEAR IN
 A HOME SOONER OR LATER...

~ Scuse me ~

THEY SET ABOUT PRODUCING AN UNCONDITIONED STIMULUS, A UCS, WHICH INNATELY
 PRODUCED FEAR. THEY DID THIS BY STRIKING A 120 CENTIMETER LONG STEEL BAR
 WITH A HAMMER! TRYING IT OUT ON ALBERT SOON INDUCED CRYING, NATCH ~

SURPRISE!!

WAAAAAAH!!

THE EXPERIMENT REALLY BEGAN!
 THEY GAVE ALBERT A WHITE RAT
 TO PLAY WITH - NO HESITANCY
 ON ALBERT'S PART - BUT WITH
 THE NEXT TWO CONDITIONING
 TRAILS ~

WIIIIIIIIIIIIINGG

WIIIIIIIIIIIIINGG!

SEVERAL DAYS
 LATER THE RAT
 WAS PRESENT-
 ED WITHOUT
 THE NOISE ~
 ALBERT APPEAR-
 ED HESITANT...

WHAT
 WITH THE
 KID?

FIVE
 MORE
 TRAILS
 AND THE
 SIGHT OF
 THE RAT ~

WIIIIIIIIIIIIAAAA!

FREAK
 EE!

BELIEVING THEY HAD NOW PROD-
 UCED A PHOBIA TO RATS IN AL-
 BERT, THEY SET ABOUT TESTING
 HOW WIDELY HIS FEAR WAS GEN-
 ERALISED. FOR INSTANCE ~ HE NOW
 FEARED A DOG AND A RABBIT ~

THEY CONCLUDED THE CHILD'S FEAR OF THE RAT EXTENDED TO OTHER FURRY
 OBJECTS, WITH THE EVIDENCE OF HIS FRETING WHEN PRESENTED WITH A SEAL
 COAT ~ AND A SANTA CLAUS MASK ~ WITH BEARD!! < I CAN'T DO JUSTICE TO A PHOTO OF THIS! >

FURRY THINGS = WHING = WIIIIIIIIIIIIAAAA

I USED TO THINK YOU
 WERE CUTE -

JEEZ -
 I'M
 LOSIN'
 IT

THIS
 BETTER
 BE WORTH
 IT ~

BOOGIE BOOGIE BOOGIE!!

HO HO HO HO HO!

MAYBE IT AIN'T
 THE KID -
 MAYBE IT'S ME

HE ALSO WAS
 AFRAID
 OF COTTON BALLS...

Shreeek... HE'S GOT IT BAD!!

WIIIIIIIIIIIIAAAA!!

BUT HE GOT
 OVER IT.

HOW DID ALBERT REACT TO THE FUR COAT?

INTERESTING RESULT-

BALTIMORE ~ YEARS LATER.

**NOW,
ALBERT-**

The Freudians, twenty years from now, unless their hypotheses change, when they come to analyze Albert's fear of a walruskin coat — assuming that he comes to analysis at that age — will probably tease from him the recital of a dream which, upon their analysis, will show that Albert at three years of age attempted to play with the public hair of the mother and was scolded violently for it.

SURE-WE CAN SCREW PEOPLE
UP OUR WAY! WORKS!!

A cartoon illustration of a man in a white lab coat and tie, looking excited with wide eyes and a large smile. He has his hands clasped in front of him. Two speech bubbles emanate from him: one on the left saying "YES!!" and one on the right saying "IT'S A RTE IT'LL BE LAB TESTED!". The background is dark and textured with vertical lines.

~MM-GOTTA CHECK THIS OUT
PERSONALLY:-1

SQUELCH
SQUELCH
SLUCK
SLUMPP
SLOOK
SLOOK

THIS TIME IT'S ALL SOLIDLY BASED
IN EMPIRICAL EVIDENCE, MRS WATSON

THESE PANTYHOSE~
WE CAN GET WOMEN
TO WANT THEM!

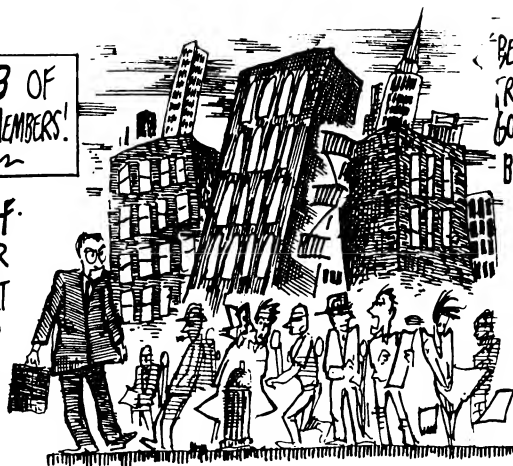
YINES-IT'S
GLORY DAYS
AGAIN

ADAPTED FROM 'PAVLOV'S
HEIRS', STEVEN SCHWARTZ
ATR, 1987- GRA 701

BACK IN THE WOMB OF DIANETICS: A FOEUS REMEMBERS!

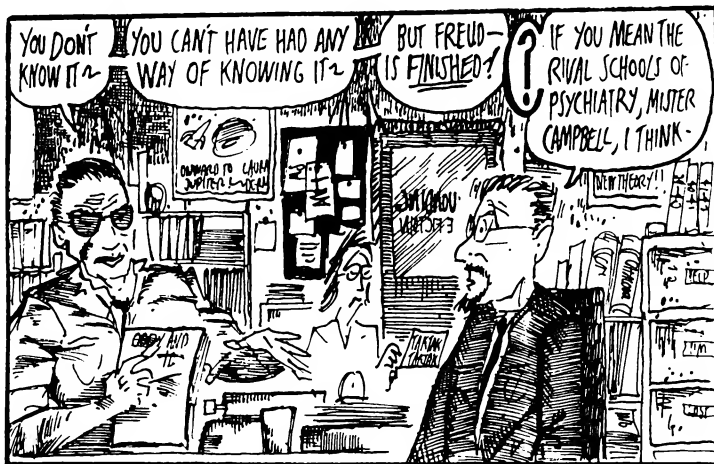
~60~ASHWORTH~93~

IT'S LATE 1949~ AND SF- WRITER ALFRED BESTER HAS JUST SOLD HIS SHORT STORY 'ODDY AND THE ID' TO 'ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION' MAGAZINE~



BESTER'S BASED HIS STORY ON THE FREUDIAN CONCEPT THAT MAN IS NOT GOVERNED BY HIS CONSCIOUS MIND BUT RATHER BY HIS UNCONSCIOUS COMPULSIONS.~A WEEK LATER BESTER IS PHONED BY THE MAGAZINE'S EDITOR, JOHN W. CAMPBELL, AND IS INVITED AROUND TO THE MAGAZINE'S OFFICES TO DISCUSS CHANGES IN THE STORY~

"The 'office' turned out to be one small office, cramped, dingy, occupied not only by Campbell but by his assistant. My only yardstick for comparison was the glamorous network and advertising agencies. I was dismayed.... Campbell was down and seem pre-occupied with matters of great moment..."



NO~ I DON'T. PSYCHIATRY- AS WE KNOW IT- IS DEAD



OH~ COME ON NOW, MISTER CAMPBELL~ SURELY YOU'RE JOKING??



I HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE. FREUD HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY ONE OF THE GREATEST DISCOVERIES OF OUR TIME!



WHAT'S THAT?

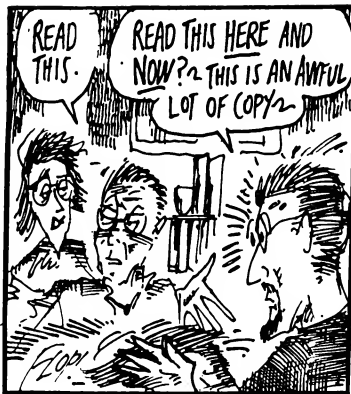
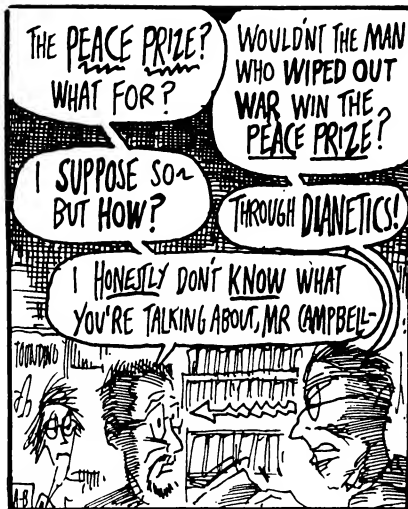
DIANETICS



I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT~

IT WAS DISCOVERED BY L-RON HUBBARD- AND HE WILL WIN THE NOBEL PEACE PRICE FOR IT.





He nodded, handing me a sheaf of long galley proofs - then went about his business, ignoring me.

They were, I discovered later, the galleys of the very first Dianetics piece to appear in ASTOUNDING.

I read the first galley carefully...

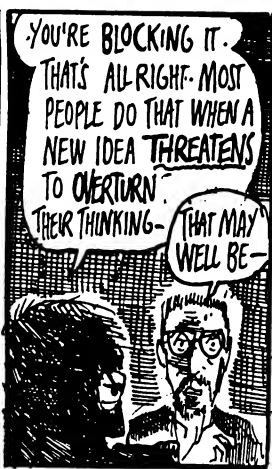
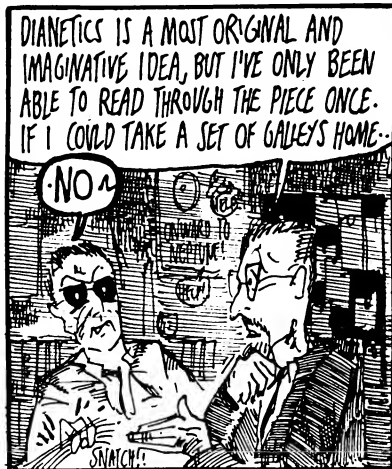


the second not so carefully as I became bored by the Dianetics mishmash.

Finally, I was just letting my eyes wander along, but was very careful to allow time for each galley so Campbell wouldn't know I was taking.

He looked very shrewd and observant to me.

After a sufficient time I stacked the galleys neatly and returned them to Campbell's desk.



~and we entered a tacky little lunchroom crowded with printers and file clerks; an interior room that made every sound reverberate.

• TRY IT •



'Around me there were cries of -BLT. DOWNHOLD THE MAY/GEIGHTY SIX ONNA ENGLISH! COMBO RYE, RELISH!
 2 and here was this grim tackle standing over me, practising Dianetics without a licence.
 The scene was so lunatic I began to tremble with suppressed laughter. I prayed 2



-God showed me - I looked up at Mister Campbell and said -



'I escaped at last and returned to Civilization..'



'He was completely satisfied... We finished lunch and returned to his office.. the only changes in my story was the removal of all Freudian terms Dianetics made obsolete.'

(~ ADAPTED FROM 'MY AFFAIR WITH S.F.' BY ALFRED BESTER IN 'HELLA'S CARTOGRAPHERS?')

THE BODY OF THE CONDEMNED

On 2 March 1757 Damiens the regicide was condemned 'to make the *amende honorable* before the main door of the Church of Paris', where he was to be 'taken and conveyed in a cart, wearing nothing but a shirt, holding a torch of burning wax weighing two pounds'; then, 'in the said cart, to the Place de Grève, where, on a scaffold that will be erected there, the flesh will be torn from his breasts, arms, thighs and calves with red-hot pincers, his right hand, holding the knife with which he committed the said parricide, burnt with sulphur, and, on those places where the flesh will be torn away, poured molten lead, boiling oil, burning resin, wax and sulphur melted together and then his body drawn and quartered by four horses and his limbs and body consumed by fire, reduced to ashes and his ashes thrown to the winds' (*Pièces originales* . . . , 372-4).

BOULTON, AN OFFICER OF THE WATCH, LEFT US HIS ACCOUNT:



THE SULPHUR WAS LIT, BUT THE FLAME WAS SO POOR- THAT ONLY THE TOP SKIN OF THE HAND WAS BURNT, AND THAT ONLY SLIGHTLY.



THEN THE EXECUTIONER, HIS SLEEVES ROLLED UP, TOOK THE STEEL PINCERS, WHICH HAD BEEN ESPECIALLY MADE FOR THE OCCASION, AND WHICH WERE ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF LONG, AND PULLED FIRST AT THE CALE OF THE RIGHT LEG . . .



THEN AT THE THIGH...

AND FROM THERE AT THE TWO FLESHY BITS OF THE RIGHT ARM-

THEN AT THE BREASTS.

THOUGH A STRONG, STURDY FELLOW, THIS EXECUTIONER FOUND IT SO DIFFICULT TO TEAR AWAY THE PIECES OF FLESH THAT HE SET ABOUT THE SAME SPOT TWO OR THREE TIMES, TWINJING THE PINCERS AS HE DID SO, AND WHAT HE TOOK AWAY FORMED AT EACH PART A WOUND ABOUT THE SIZE OF A SIX POUND CROWN PIECE.



'AFTER THESE TEARINGS WITH THE PINCERS, DAMIENS WHO CRIED OUT PROFUSELY, THOUGH WITHOUT SWEARING, RAISED HIS HEAD AND LOOKED AT HIMSELF. THE SAME EXECUTIONER DIPPED AN IRON SPOON IN THE POT CONTAINING THE BOILING POTION, WHICH HE POURED LIBERALLY OVER EACH WOUND.



THEN THE ROPES THAT WERE TO BE HARNESSSED TO THE HORSES WERE ATTACHED WITH CORDS TO THE PATIENTS; THE HORSES WERE THEN HARNESSSED AND PLACED ALONGSIDE THE ARMS AND LEGS, ONE AT EACH LIMB.



MONSIEUR LE BRETON, THE CLERK OF THE COURT WENT UP TO THE PATIENT SEVERAL TIMES AND ASKED HIM IF HE HAD ANYTHING TO SAY. HE SAID HE HAD NOT; AT EACH TORMENT HE CRICED OUT, AS THE DAMNED IN HELL ARE SUPPOSED TO CRY OUT, 'PARDON, MY GOD! PARDON, LORD!'

DESPITE ALL THIS PAIN, HE RAISED HIS HEAD FROM TIME TO TIME AND LOOKED AT HIMSELF BOLDLY.



THE CORDS HAD BEEN TIED SO TIGHTLY BY THE MEN WHO PULLED THE ENDS THAT THEY CAUSED HIM INDETERMINABLE PAIN. MONSIEUR LE BRETON WENT UP TO HIM AGAIN AND ASKED HIM IF HE HAD ANYTHING TO SAY.



SEVERAL CONFESSORS WENT UP TO HIM AND SPOKE TO HIM AND SPOKE TO HIM AT LENGTH; HE WILLINGLY KISSED THE CRUCIFIX THAT WAS HELD OUT TO HIM; HE OPENED HIS LIPS AND REPEATED 'PARDON, LORD!'

THE HORSES TUGGED HARD, EACH PULLING STRAIGHT ON A LIMB, EACH HORSE HELD BY AN EXECUTIONER. AFTER A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, THE SAME CEREMONY WAS REPEATED AND FINALLY, AFTER SEVERAL ATTEMPTS, THE DIRECTION OF THE HORSES HAD TO BE CHANGED, THUS: THOSE AT THE ARMS WERE MADE TO PULL TOWARDS THE HEAD, THOSE AT THE THIGHS TOWARDS THE ARMS, WHICH BROKE THE ARMS AT THE JOINTS. THIS WAS REPEATED SEVERAL TIMES WITHOUT SUCCESS.



THIS WAS DONE:

I CAME HERE TO SEE A MAN TORN LIMB FROM LIMB AND BY THE LORD CHRIST I'LL SEE A MAN TORN LIMB FROM LIMB!!

MAN'S GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL THE KIDS.

A black and white cartoon illustration. In the foreground, a man with a wide-eyed, shouting expression is depicted. He has a speech bubble that says "CALL THE UNION!". In the background, to the left, another person is partially visible, also shouting, with a speech bubble that says "MOM!". The style is simple and expressive, with heavy black lines and cross-hatching for shading.

I'VE BLACKBALLED
YA, YA BASTARDS!
WATCHU TRYIN
TA DO - KILL
ME WITH
EMBARES
NENT?!?

CERTAINLY, MY SON.

I'PSO
FACTO
DOMI
NUS
TOUGH
US TOO
KIDS,
HONEY
BUNN
HES-

HACK HACK HACK HACK

GET IT RUNNING!!!

THE POOR HORSES GAVE A
TUG AND CARRIED OFF THE
TWO THIGHS AFTER THEM,

NAMELY, THAT OF
THE RIGHT SIDE
FIRST, THE OTHER
FOLLOWING.

SOSSSKRIIIIIII

JESU WEPI!!

THE HORSES PULING HARD CARRIED OFF THE RIGHT ARM FIRST AND THE OTHER AFTERWARDS.

*NAME THAT COW!

*NAME THAT TUNE"

A cartoon by Dave Coverly showing a group of people laughing hysterically. One person is shouting "DO IT AGAIN!" and another is saying "YOU HEAR SUMTHIN?". The scene is filled with sound effects like "HAHAHAHAHAHAHA" and "BOUNCE, BOUNCE".

[illegible]

THEN THE TRUNK AND THE REST WAS COVERED WITH LOGS AND FAGGOTS, AND FIRE WAS PUT TO THE STRAW MIXED WITH THIS WOOD.

MEHEHEHE - I CAN'T CATCH ME - MEHEHEHE

HEY!

HOP HOP HOP HOP HOP HOP HOP HOP HOP HOP

PAST TEN IN THE EVENING.

HOT enough for you?

THAT AN ANIMAL FOUND THIS PLACE WARMER THAN ELSEWHERE.
(weird fleas - could watch them all day.) 'hehehehe'
[the...]



FROM 'DISCIPLINE AND PUNISH' - MICHEL FOUCAULT, 1975/77.

"THIS IS AN ABSOLUTELY TRUE STORY - I WILL NOT ADD OR DRAMATIZE IT IN ANY WAY - I'LL SIMPLY TELL IT EXACTLY AS IT HAPPENED. PRODUCER STAN SHEPNER CALLS UP ONE DAY IN '77 AND SAYS -

LOOK - I'VE GOT ABC INTERESTED IN A NEW VERSION OF THE MUMMY - I'D LIKE YOU TO TAKE A CRACK AT SCRIPTING IT -

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE ORIGINAL MOVIE? ARE YOU KIDDING?

THE KAROFF CLASSIC? I LOVE THAT MOVIE! ITS HORROR NOIR! OKAY - COME ON OVER AND WE'LL TALK.

SO WE TALK ~



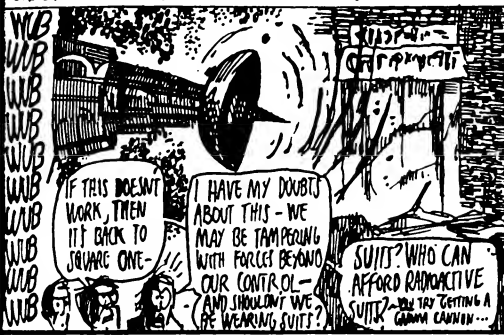
- LOGAN'S RUN - WELCOME TO THE 21ST CENTURY - WHERE YOU CAN HAVE A ROBOT! ONLY ONE CATCH - IT'S A LOUSY MOVIE -



HE SAYS THE NETWORK EXECUTIVES WANTED TO BRING IT BACK BY SCIENTIFIC MEANS, AND DO I THINK THAT BOMBARDING THE TOMB WITH GAMMA RAYS WOULD DO IT?

SURE! WHY THE HELL NOT?!

SO WE HAVE OUR MEETING WITH ABC AND THE NETWORK PEOPLE TELL US THAT 'PYRAMID POWER' IS VERY BIG RIGHT NOW C THIS WAS DURING THE TIME P-P WAS A BIG FAD IN THIS COUNTRY, LIKE THE HEDDA HOOP ONCE WAS - ...



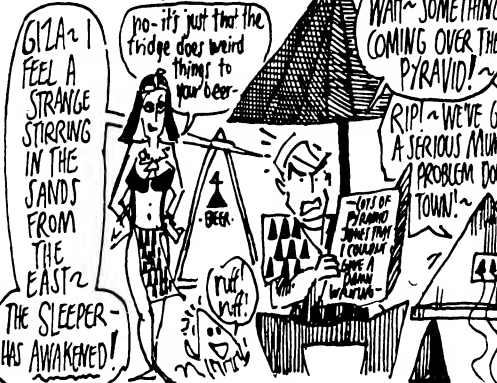
CAN WE GET PYRAMID POWER INTO THIS STORY? AND I SAY -

FOR WEEKS STAN AND I PLOT THE STORY - ONE PLOTTING SESSION AFTER ANOTHER - STAN WAS ALWAYS COMING UP WITH NEW IDEAS AND, IN ADDITION, THE NETWORK IS SAYING -

AND I TELL THEM - 'I GAVE OUR HERO A PYRAMID SHAPED REFRIGERATOR, AND IN HIS BACK YARD HE READS UNDER A PYRAMID SHAPED UMBRELLA ~ BUT IF YOU WANT MORE, I'LL GIVE YOU MORE!'

ABSOLUTELY! I CAN GIVE YOU PYRAMID POWER!

GIVE US MORE PYRAMID POWER!



FINE! FINE! GET TO WORK!



GIZA ~ I FEEL A STRANGE STIRRING IN THE SANDS FROM THE EAST ~ THE SLEEPER HAS AWAKENED!



FINE - YOU GOT IT - THIS GUY
WILL MOVE LIKE MICK TAGGER!

HEADS OR TAILS?

2 AND HE'S GOTTA BE **STRONG** THEY TELL US. SO I DEVISE A SCENE WHERE THE MUMMY TEARS A PARKING METER RIGHT OUT OF THE CONCRETE AND SMASHES IT ACROSS THE WINDSHIELD OF THIS COP CAR AND THE CAR GOES ACROSS THE STREET AND SMASHES INTO A DRY GOODS STORE. AND THE MUMMY SKITTERS OFF DOWN THE STREET, SLOWLY UNRAVELING AS HE GOES, STILL WRAPPED IN HIS MUMMY SHROUD AFTER BEING BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE WITH THE GAMMA RAYS.

MY GOD!
HOW CAN
SOMETHING
SO ANCIENT
BE SO
STRONG?

SOME — HOW
IT'S TIME IN
THE PYRAMID —
COMBINED WITH
THE GAMMA RAY —
HAS RAISED ITS
POTENTIAL
TO A TERRIFYING
ULTIMATE!
DARNEDDEST FORM
OF E-S-T. I'VE EVER
SEEN~

I'M SAYING
THIS IN A
PURELY NUC-
TORNAL SENSE-
I'D RATHER
RUN LIKE
HELL~

SO THE WHOLE CONCEPT IS GETTING WORSE AND WORSE, AND I'M STARTING TO THINK 'HOW'D DID I EVER GET INTO THIS MESS?' BUT I WANT TO GET PAID FOR MY EFFORTS 'I'M ONLY GETTING \$7,500 FOR THIS OUTLINE, AND THE REAL MONEY IS AT THE OTHER END WHEN I GET A GO-AHEAD FOR AN ACTUAL TELEPLAY. SO I PERSUADE MYSELF TO STICK WITH IT...

ALL THIS P.P. IS DULLING MY MIND.

LET'S MAKE LITTLE PYRAMIDS OUT OF OUR DISCARDED NOTES AND RE-ENERGIZE..

-FINALLY, STAN AND I GO BACK TO THE NETWORK FOR THE FINAL MEETING 6

WE LOVE IT! YOU'VE GOT
PYRAMID POWER, THE
GAMMA RAYS, YOU'VE
GOT A DAMN STRONG MUM
MY, AND YOU'VE GOT
HIM MOVING FAST~

WE LOVE THE SCENE WHERE HE KILLS THE BLONDE IN THE SWIMMING POOL AND THE COPS FIND THIS LITTLE UNWRAPPED PIECE OF MUMMY SHROUD FLOATING IN THE WATER. SO...

WE HAVE GOOD
NEWS AND BAD
NEWS 2





'BLOW THE FUCKERS AWAY!' ~ FROM THE TWISTED LEGEND THAT IS JOE COLEMAN (RESEARCH: RYAN)

FIRST LET ME GIVE YOU SOME BACKGROUND~



LOT OF MY PERFORMANCES WERE JUST LIKE: ON WEEKENDS I WOULD DRIVE AROUND THE SUBURBS WHERE I GREW UP WITH MY EXPLOSIVES- ANYTHING FROM DYNAMITE CHARGES TO FIRECRACKERS- IN THE BACK OF MY CAR. AND I'D PERFECTED THIS EXPLOSION ACT WITH PROTECTIVE CHEST GEAR- SO IF THERE WERE A LOT OF CARS PARKED OUTSIDE A HOUSE THAT'D MEAN A PARTY WAS GOING ON-



I WOULD CONFRONT THE PEOPLE IN THE HOUSE. THE SITUATION COULD BE ANYTHING FROM TEENAGERS ON THEIR FIRST DRINKING PARTY OR MAYBE SMOKING POT FOR THE FIRST TIME, TO REPUBLICANS IN LEISURE SUITS- MY TARGETS WERE ANYTHING BETWEEN THOSE TWO ~ I'D START WITH A VERBAL CONFRONTATION- THEN THEY WOULD WANT TO ATTACK ME AND THROW ME OUT-

SAY IF I SAW A REALLY DISGUSTING WOMEN- I WOULD SAY TO HER ~

HEY- I DON'T WANT TO FUCK YOU, HONEY- I JUST WANT TO CUT YOUR TITS OFF AND SPICE THEM ON DIXIE CUPS AND SIP HAWAIIAN PUNCH OUT OF THEM ALL NIGHT LONG. I WANT TO SPREAD YOUR SNATCH WITH A SHOEHORN AND PLANT ASPARAGUS IN IT- YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT?



SHE'D RUN OFF TO TELL HER HUSBAND ABOUT THIS FUCKING NUT AND HE'D COME TO FIGHT ME AND SEE WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON MY FOREHEAD ~ AND REALIZE- THIS GUY'S OUT OF HIS MIND ~ BUT HIS MANHOOD IS CHALLENGED- GOTTA FIGHT!

HE CALLED ME A WHORE! AREN'T YOU GOING TO KICK THE SHIT OUT OF HIM? AWRITE, BUDDY?



I'D LIGHT THE FUSE STICKING OUT OF MY SHIRT AND GO "GET BACK, MOTHERFUCKER- I'M GOING UP RIGHT NOW!!!"



A HUGE CLOUD OF SMOKE WOULD BE GENERATED, AND I'D TAKE OFF BEFORE THE POLICE GOT THERE- I COULD HIT AND RUN BECAUSE THE SHOCK PERIOD WOULD GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO ESCAPE BEFORE ANYTHING HAPPENED.



SO THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I CAME FROM- THEY DIDN'T SEE MY CAR- THEY JUST SAW THIS NOT, AND THAT'S ALL THEY COULD TELL THE COPS- THAT'S MY BASIC BACKGROUND.



THERE WAS A PHOTOGRAPHER AND ANOTHER GUY WHO LIKED WHAT I DID- THEY TOLD ME ABOUT A TEN YEAR HIGH SCHOOL REUNION COMING UP IN THEIR HOMETOWN- WE PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER AND CAME UP WITH WHAT I CONSIDER ONE OF MY BEST PIECES.



A MEMBER OF THE CLASS HAD DIED FIVE YEARS EARLIER IN A CAR "ACCIDENT"- THIS GUY LOOKED A BIT LIKE ME- HE WAS A REAL INTROVERT; HE NEVER HAD ANY REAL FRIENDS- PEOPLE JUST KNEW VAGUELY WHO HE WAS- THE GUYS PREPARED ME SO I COULD ANSWER QUESTIONS FOR THE INVASION I WAS ABOUT TO DO~



THAT NIGHT I ARRIVED WITH MY PAIS SAYING 'DOUG SPREG' EVEN THOUGH DOUG SPREG HAD DIED- THE OTHER TWO WERE ABLE TO GET IN BECAUSE THEY WERE PART OF THE CLASS- THE PHOTOGRAPHER WAS ABLE TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WHOLE THING WITHOUT IT LOOKING LIKE SOME SORT OF SET UP- CAUSE OF THE WAY DOUG DIED, I PUT ALL THESE SCARS ON MY FACE- THE PEOPLE AT THIS REUNION WORE TAGS WHICH SHOWED WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE IN THEIR HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK, BECAUSE PEOPLE MIGHT NOT RECOGNIZE THEM TEN YEARS ON~



MY FRIEND THE PHOTOGRAPHER GOT ALL THESE PEOPLE WHO KNEW DOUG SPREG TO HAVE THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN WITH 'DOUG' AND THEY ALL THOUGHT I HAD PROBLEMS. I WAS INTRODUCED TO ONE GUY~

UH- HI- DOUG- ANDREW- REMEMBER? I'M A C.P.A. NOW~ WHAT'S THAT, SOME SORT OF RETARD CLINIC?



NONONO- I'M A CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT- I'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS- UM- WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING THE PAST TEN YEARS- UH- DOUG~



- WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO IS ORGANIZE A POLITICAL FAC-
TION TO EXTERMINATE THE JEWS-

AND I'D LIKE TO SEND YOU SOME LITERATURE IN THE MAIL~



(AND THE GUY I'M TALKING TO IS JEWISH, RIGHT??)

WHAT'S YOUR ADDRESS??

OH- THAT'S REAL INTERESTING DOUG- BUT- I JUST SAW SOMEBODY I HAVEN'T SEEN IN YEARS~ I'LL BE RIGHT BACK~ I PROMISE, DOUG!!



I JUST KEPT DOING THINGS LIKE THAT TO PEOPLE~

PEOPLE WERE TOO EMBARRASSED TO COME OUT AND SAY 'WEREN'T YOU DEAD?' SO THEY'D SKID AROUND THE SUBJECT~

DOUG- WEREN'T YOU IN A CAR ACCIDENT? I REMEMBER READING ABOUT YOU IN THE PAPERS- DIDN'T SOMETHING-

AW-



AND WHENEVER THEY WOULD BRING IT UP I WOULD MAKE A HORRIBLE GROAN AND GET REAL UPSET~

AW~
HAPPEN TO YOU? SHIT-!!-!

AH- SORRY- DOUG- DOUG?



AND THEY'D CHANGE THE SUBJECT REAL FAST-

THEY WERE TOO SCARED TO SAY IT- THESE PEOPLE IN LEISURE SUITS WEARING LITTLE BADGES- THEY WERE THE MOST PATHETIC BUNCH OF PEOPLE I'D EVER COME ACROSS. AS THE EVENING PROGRESSED PEOPLE STARTED TO GET REALLY ANNOYED WITH ME- AT FIRST THEY COULD TALK IT OFF, AND THEN I'D COME ONTO SOME GUY'S GIRL IN AN ANNOYING WAY~

LIKE TO NAIL YOUR CUNT TO A WALL, AND THEN~



EVEN THREATENING SOMEONE'S GENETIC HERITAGE DIDN'T SEEM AS BAD AS THREATENING THEIR WIFE, RIGHT? SO EVENTUALLY EVERYONE WANTED TO KILL ME~

YEAH- LET'S KILL ALL THE SPEECHUCKERS~

THEN FUCK YOUR WIVES!



BUT THEY WERE TOO WIMPY TO DO ANYTHING~

TOWARDS THE END OF THE EVENING THEY STARTED PLAYING THEIR HIGH SCHOOL ALMA-MATER. AT THAT POINT I GRABBED THE HIGH SCHOOL PRESIDENT AND STARTED DOING THESE EGYPTIAN DANCES- EVERYONE STARTED TO SURROUND THE STAGE AROUND ME (LAUGHING, THINKING I WAS SO DRUNK THEY COULD TAKE ME OUT~



WHEN THE SONG ENDED
HE STARTED WALKING OFF,
AND I STARTED OPENING
MY SHIRT~



THEY THOUGHT IT WAS
A STRIPEASE~

TAKE IT OFF, DOUG!
TAKE IT OFF!



BUT WHAT I WAS REALLY
DOING WAS EXPOSING MY
EXPLOSIVES~



SO I TOOK A BIG PUFF
ON MY CIGAR~
AND THEY'RE ALL
LAUGHING~



AND THEN IT WAS LIKE
THE MOVIE 'CARRIE'~



EVERYBODY STARTED
RUNNING FOR THE
HILLS~

SCREAMING AND
CRYING~

THEY THOUGHT IT
WAS THE END, THAT
THEY WERE GOING
TO DIE.



THE HIGH
SCHOOL
PRESIDENT
WANTED TO
BE THIS BIG
HERO, SO HE
RAN OVER
AND TRIED
TO PUT OUT
SOME OF
THE EXPLOS-
IVES ON MY
CHEST~



YEAH-IT WAS A GREAT HIGH SCHOOL
RE-UNION~WE SHOULD DO ONE OF
THESE EVERY YEAR~TAKE CARE,
(AND SO LONG, FOLKS!



THE COPS CAME, BUT I WAS ALREADY GONE.
LOTS OF PEOPLE WENT TO THE LIBRARY
AND SAW AN OLD LOCAL NEWSPAPER SAYING
'DOUG SPREG DIES IN CAR ACCIDENT!'

NO ONE COULD FIGURE IT OUT. THEY CAN
TEL THEIR KIDS ABOUT THIS GUY WHO CAME
BACK FROM THE DEAD~

AND THEN HE WENT BOOM?



POLEAXED

4A GOING TO KILL MYSELF?

* TONY SMITH RECOGNIZED JACKSON POLLOCK'S WHISKEY VOICE ~

~ HE PUT DOWN THE PHONE AND DROVE INTO THE NIGHT. IT WOULD BE HOURS BEFORE HE REACHED POLLOCK'S HOUSE IN EASTERN LONG ISLAND ~

* HOURS IN WHICH, KNOWING JACKSON, ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN. IN 1952, IT WAS TWO AND A HALF YEARS SINCE 'LIFE' MAGAZINE HAD FLUNG HIM INTO THE SPOTLIGHT OF AMERICA'S CELEBRITY MAD POSTWAR MEDIA. MAKING HIM, VIRTUALLY OVERNIGHT, AMERICAN ARTS FIRST STAR.

2 HOLD ON -
I'LL BE OUT ~

* HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN AN "ALCOHOLIC IN EXCESSUS" BUT DRINKING ALONE COULDN'T EXPLAIN WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO JACK. ~ THERE WAS SOMETHING BEHIND THE DRINKING THAT WAS PUSHING AT JACKSON FROM WITHIN, TORMENTING, EVEN TRYING TO KILL HIM.

- JACKSON POLLOCK HAD DEMONS INSIDE. EVERYONE COULD SEE THAT. BUT NO ONE KNEW WHERE THEY CAME FROM OR WHAT THEY WANTED.

IN THE HOUSE POLLOCK'S WIFE, LEE KRAVNER, WAS CONFINED BEHIND THEIR BED WHEN SMITH ARRIVED.

SHE HAD SPENT THE LAST SEVEN HOURS SITTING IN THE DARKNESS TERRIFIED BY FEAR AS HER HUSBAND STORMED THROUGH THE HOUSE - ROARING CURSES AT THE WORLD. SHE KNEW WHAT TO DO WHEN JACKSON DRANK AND THE RAGE CAME OUT - TRIED TO BECOME INVULNERABLE ~



~ WHATEVER ANXIETIES WEIGHED ON SMITH, HE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN PREPARED FOR THE SCENE INSIDE JACKSON'S STUDIO WHEN HE ARRIVED. IT REEKED OF LIQUOR ~

THIS TIME THE STORM SHOWED NO SIGN OF ABATING ~



SMITH HAD OFTEN GONE DRINK-
ING WITH POLLACK AND HAD AL-
MOST AS OFTEN SEEN HIM
DRUNK.

~PLAYFUL DRUNK, DANGEROUS DRUNK,
DEPRESSED DRUNK. BUT EVEN
- HE, UNLIKE LEE, HAD EVER
SEEN THIS RAGE.



SMITH TRIED TO CALM HIS FRIEND. HE KNEW BETTER THAN TO REFER DIRECTLY TO JACKSON'S DRINKING. NOTHING WAS MORE LIKELY TO SET HIM OFF AGAIN THAN TO TAKE THE BOTTLE AWAY OR SUGGEST HE HAD HAD ENOUGH. DESPERATELY, TONY FILLED THE AIR WITH ART TALK. GRADUALLY, THE RAGE SUBSIDED.

THE STUDIO WAS OLD AND DARK, A PALPABLE REFLECTION OF JACKSON'S CREATIVE STATE. THE YELLOW LIGHT OF CANDLES SPREAD ACROSS THE ROWS OF PAINTINGS LINING THE WALLS. SMALL BLACK AND WHITE ONES IN FRONT; CLASSIC ONES LIKE 'AUTUMN RHYTHM AND NUMBER 32' IN BACK. THEIR MONUMENTAL CALIGRAPHY STARK IN THE DIM LIGHT.

"couldn't be about problems with Betty Parsons"

HAH.

JACKSON HELD A CANDLEABRUM ALOFT AND WALKED TO A KEROSENE STOVE IN THE CORNER. THE GRIM POETRY OF JACKSON MOVING UNSURELY THROUGH THE DARK, SURROUNDED BY HUGE APPARITIONS OF HIS PAINTINGS, COULD NOT HAVE ESCAPED THE POET IN TONY SMITH.

WHEN JACKSON LIT THE STOVE AND FLAMES SHOT UP, THE VISION TURNED DEMONIC.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, JACKSON—PUT IT OUT!

ON THE FLOOR LAY A PAINTING JACKSON HAD BEEN WORKING ON RECENTLY—A NETWORK OF DELICATE CIRCLES PAINTED WITH A LIGHT, TENTATIVE BRUSH—UNLIKE ANYTHING HE HAD DONE BEFORE. SEEING IT, SMITH THOUGHT OF SOMETHING GEORGE GROZS HAD TOLD HIM ONCE: "WHEN A PAINTER WORKS IN CIRCLES—HE IS NEAR MADNESS." LOOK AT VAN GOGH, HE HAD SAID.



TO GET POLLOCK 'OUT OF HIMSELF' SMITH SUGGESTED THEY DO A PARADE TOGETHER. BETWEEN SWIGS OF BOURBON, THE TWO MEN UNWRAPPED A FRESH ROLL OF BELGIAN LINEN AND UNFURLED IT ACROSS THE STUDIO'S CEMENT FLOOR.

JACKSON SEARCH THROUGH A BOX OF PAINT FOR THE RIGHT COLOUR TO BEGIN. THE FIRST TUBE HE PULLED OUT A TUBE OF CADMIUM RED; SO WAS THE SECOND - AND THE THIRD. AFTER FOUR OR FIVE MORE TRIES, HE CRIED IN EXASPERATION:

“Ah-Well - Let's start with - CADMIUM ORANGE -”

“No - AFTER ALL - I COME FROM ORANGE, NEW JERSEY - ha.”

I CAN'T START WITH CADMIUM RED!!



SMITH SQUEEZED A LONG LINE OF ORANGE AT THE EDGE OF THE CANVAS, THEN LAID A PIECE OF WAX PAPER OVER THE LINE AND WALKED ON IT. WHERE HE STEPPED THE PAINT OZED OUT, FORMING A TRAIL OF UNEVEN BLOTCHES.

“SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU DO IT - HERE'S HOW I DO IT -”

IN A SUDDEN SWEEPING MOTION, HE GRABBED A BIG BUCKET OF BLACK INCO AND POURED IT ON THE CANVAS. FOR JUST AN INSTANT HE COULD HAVE BEEN THE JACKSON POLLOCK WHO'S IMAGE WOULD BE INDELBLY ETCHED IN THE PUBLIC CONSCIOUSNESS - A BROWNING FIGURE FLINGING LARIATS OF PAINT, HIS ARM DESCRIBING CIRCLES IN THE AIR.



FORGET THE HAND? DARKNET NEWS MAN SAID OF POLACK AT WORK "IT'S THE MIND - NOT BRAIN, BUT MIND - SOUL, CONCENTRATION, GUT. I'VE SEEN HIM COME OUT OF HIS STUDIO LIKE A WET RAG". FOR JUST A MOMENT, THROUGH THE ALCOHOLIC HAZE, SMITH MUST HAVE GAZED THE APPARITION OF THAT JACKSON POLACK MOVING AMONG HIS CANDLEST CREATIONS.



AS IT MIXED WITH TONY'S SPLETCHES OF ORANGE POLLOCK'S BLACK DUCCO TURNED A BILIOUS GREEN. TO KEEP JACKSON'S MIND OFF HIS PROBLEMS HE PRESSED AHEAD, GRABBING A BRUSH AND ANOTHER COLOUR AND LAYING IT ON.

"It looks like VOMIT"

JACKSON JOINED IN AND THEY SPLASHED AND DROPPED PAINT UNTIL THE LUMINOUS EXPANSE OF BELGIAN LINEN WAS COVERED WITH A HALF INCH OF THE BILIOUS GREEN.



AS HE OFTEN DID, JACKSON APPLIED THE PAINT WITH BASTING SYRINGES MADE OF THIN GLASS. WHEN A SYRINGE CLOGGED, HE WOULD FLING IT AT THE CANVAS IN DISGUST AND FILL ANOTHER WITH PAINT. WHEN THAT CLOGGED, ANOTHER - THROWING THEM SO THAT SHATTERED AGAINST THE CONCRETE FLOOR. HE WENT THROUGH A DOZEN, UNTIL THE PAINT SURFACE AROUND HIM GUSTENED WITH SHIVERS OF GLASS.

DEFIANTLY, HE TOOK OFF HIS SHOES AND WADED THROUGH THE DARK, SPARKLING SLIME IN HIS BARE FEET, DARING SMITH TO FOLLOW. NUMBED BY THE COLD AND THE BOURBON, SMITH WADED IN BEHIND HIM.



BY MORNING, TONY SMITH HAD RETURNED TO THE HOUSE TO CLEAN OFF AND SOBER UP. LEE WAS WAITING TO HELP.

WE SPENT A LONG TIME GETTING GLASS OUT OF MY FEET ~



TOGETHER THEY CARRIED JACKSON, WHO HAD PASSED OUT IN THE STUDIO, BACK TO THE HOUSE. IN THE KITCHEN, WHILE JACKSON SEPT FITFULLY, LEE BATHED HIS FEET.

OVER THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, JACKSON WOULD RETURN TO IT AGAIN AND AGAIN.

SCRAPING AWAY THE BILIOUS GREEN, APPLYING NEW LAYERS OF YELLOW, RED, LIGHT BLUE, ALUMINUM - AND FINALLY - USING A LONG PIECE OF TWO BY FOUR - 8 DEEP BLUE 'POLES'.



THE PAINTING THAT THE TWO MEN HAD BEGUN LAY ON THE STUDIO FLOOR, STIFF WITH WET PAINT AND BROKEN GLASS.

TWENTY YEARS LATER, THE SAME PAINTING - 'BLUE POLES' WAS SOLD TO THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT FOR 2 MILLION DOLLARS.

NO AMERICAN PAINTING HAD EVER SOLD FOR MORE.



ULTIMATELY, PAINTING WAS THE ONLY WAY JACKSON POLLOCK COULD APPEASE THE DEMONS THAT TORMENTED HIM. IN THE END, PAINTING WAS A WAY TO TEST THE WORLD, PROBE ITS HEART - AND MAKE IT SUFFER FORGIVENESS.

EVEN PICASSO HAD NEVER DONE BETTER THAN A MILLION - THE WORLD HAD FORGIVEN POLLOCK -



EVEN IF IT DIDN'T YET KNOW WHAT FOR.

JACKSON POLLOCK

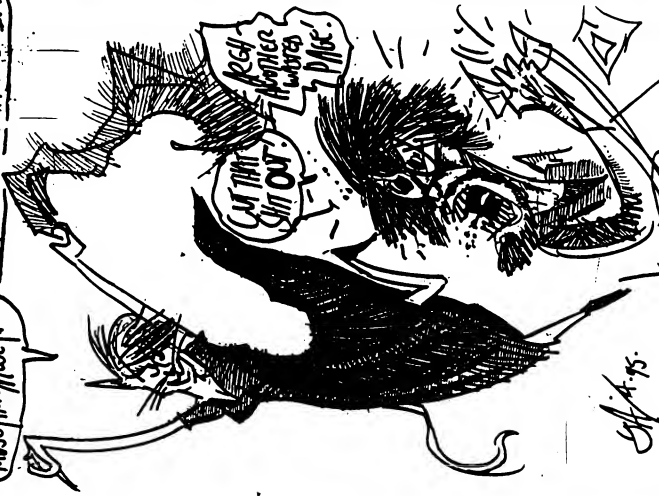
Is he the greatest living painter in the United States?

ADAPTED FROM 'JACKSON POLLOCK: AN AMERICAN SAGA' STEVEN NAIFEH/GREGORY WHITE SMITH - 6/1/91.

OFF OF ELECTRIC FERRET!



(MIDSETIME HOUR JUNE - GRAPHIC & KNOW YOU HAVE TO DO IT!)



off 4.95

TIPSY TIPSY TARTS GET IT AP

HONNY ~ feeling LITERARY? I WANT SOME CHEAT LEATHER FURY, M'JELF ~

THIS LITTLE VOLUME REPRINTS ALL THE ADAPTIONS FROM ELECTRIC FERRET - WHICH AFTER 27 ISSUES AND SEVERAL YEARS BECOMES 'MODERN MURDER' WITH 28 - AND SINCE I DON'T PLAN TO REPRINT ANY 'E.F.' ISSUES AT ALL - NONE-NO-AT-ALL - WILL YOU STOP FREAKING BATTERING ME ABOUT IT!! ~ THIS '3rd' OF COLLECTION PUTS ALL OF THE 'A' CATEGORY IN ONE PLACE ~ UNLIKE THE WAY I SELECT THEM. THERE'LL BE QUOTE READING, AND, DAMMIT, SOME-BOY ELSE MAY WANT TO SEE THIS - OR - NOW THIS IS DOWNRIGHT FASCINATING, CONSIDER IT - IN OTHER WORDS, THERE WAS NO OVER-WHELMING OBSESSION - EXCEPT MOST OF THE STORIES INVOLVE - WILLINGLY - OBSESSED PEOPLE - hmmm - SAY SOMETHING - ABOUT ME, I DUNNO - THE JOKES COME FROM DUPLICATE SOURCES, SO TO CUT THEM - WHY - I SEEM TO RUN OUT OF ROOM, CLIMB OUT WINDOW, HOW AT MOOD - 2 HOW ABOUT THAT.

off 4.95

OFF OF ELECTRIC FERRET #3 - 'ADAPTED' IS PUBLISHED BY RADICAL SHEIKH GRAPHICS / GERARD ASHWORTH - ALL MATERIAL IS © G. ASHWORTH - AND OF COURSE, RESPECTIVE SOURCES. FIRST PRINTING, JUNE 1995. NOW WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO OUT AND READ A GOOD BOOK WITHOUT TAKING HEADS??? ~ 847

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